

# The War Cry



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND & BERMUDA

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1945

Benjamin Orames, Commissioner



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo



## VACATION RETREAT



Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest a while.—Mark 6:31.

**C**OME ye yourselves apart and  
rest a while,  
Weary, I know it, of the  
press and throng;  
Wipe from your brow the sweat  
and dust of toil,  
And in My quiet strength again  
be strong.

Come ye aside from all the world  
holds dear,  
For converse which the world  
has never known,  
Alone with Me and with My  
Father here,  
With Me and with My Father  
not alone.

Come, tell Me all that ye have  
said and done,  
Your victories and failures,  
hopes and fears.  
I know how hardly souls are  
wooed and won:  
My choicest wreaths are al-  
ways wet with tears.

Then, fresh from converse with  
your Lord, return  
And work till daylight softens  
into even:  
The brief hours are not lost in  
which ye learn  
More of your Master and His  
rest in heaven.  
Bishop E. H. Bickersteth.

# Sermons

By Henry F. Milans, O.F.

## without Texts

### Working With Jesus



The writer of the accompanying article, one of The Army's most remarkable captures from the ranks of alcoholism, was before his conversion editor of the old New York Sun, and his consecrated and pungent pen has brought blessing to multitudes of War Cry readers.

**I** HEARD a layman testify on the radio, a few Sundays ago, to his salvation from a depraved life, through faith in Jesus Christ.

"My own spiritual security," said he, "now demands that I work with Him. No religion that is dressed up for Sunday only is going to keep me saved or is going to get me anywhere in the kind of a world I'm going through. We Christians ought to be reaching more people than ever to-day, for there are so many more people who are in need of what Christianity has to offer."

Of course, we know that this is a faithful saying, there is much unrest among religious leaders over a situation which they cannot but feel is serious.

**D**O we Christians dare to examine, in this connection, the parable of the Good Samaritan, wherein, you will recall, the priest looked at the injured man and went loftily on his way. A second stickler for the strict letter of the law handed down at Sinai was equally blind to the man's urgent needs.

It was a despised Samaritan (the other two men called Samaritans "dogs") who pitied the stricken man, dressed his wounds and spent his own money to get him a bed at the inn. More than this, he returned the

## CHRIST IS ABLE

**J**esus is abundantly able to give you eternal Life. While on earth you may know your sins forgiven, and may partake of His unlimited spiritual grace. Christ alone can give you soul-satisfaction, and peace in your heart.

### WHY NOT ACCEPT HIM TODAY?

next day to see how the wounds were doing and to pay for his further care.

Jesus liked the Samaritan for doing this, do you not think? Sometimes I wonder how much thought we give to what Jesus might or might not think about what we do or do not do.

**M**Y mind runs back to the time when evil habits were destroying my body and soul. But underneath my degradation there was still an inherent desire to find a way out of my dilemma. I was so very weary of it all, so out of place. There are so many more to-day who are in like condition. Oh, so very many more, whose only hope is in vital Christianity.

I am sorry now that I so hurt my Saviour and those who loved me dearly; but there is compensating comfort in the belief that when God saw the good purposes He had for my life being frustrated, He used my degradation as a schooling through which finally to fulfill His will concerning me. He thus fitted me to be His disciple to the forgotten man in the slums. I was to emerge further on in a larger field of usefulness than I could ever dream of.

But I have felt that I might have been saved long before I was, had Christian people been just a little more eager to bring me to the Christ they worshipped so regularly on Sunday. They left me on the outside looking in. I was never asked to come in. And if, on a rare occasion, I did get past the ushers when they were busy, I was terribly hurt by their unmistakable contempt. I was never asked to come back.

I have not felt bitter about this. I have looked back to it as a bad blunder on the part of people who were ignorant of what their God was able to do even with hopeless men. Maybe this attitude has had something

to do with bringing our religious institutions to the point where sinners no longer want to come in.

Oh, dear God, spare our Salvation Army from this fatality!

**I** LIKE the way a minister in a Pittsfield, Massachusetts, church treated a case just like mine. A drunkard slipped into the church service as drunkards will at times. The people gave him wide berth as they were leaving; but the minister asked him to wait at a side door. Then he telephoned for The Salvation Army to come over. I happened to be in Pittsfield for the weekend and went along.

"Go with these good people to-day, please," begged the dominee of the man, "and come here to see me to-morrow."

Of course, the drunken man, who was an expert machinist, was saved in our meeting, got his job back and his family restored to him in a new home. They also found in that church a place in which to worship their new-found God.

We do not get anywhere by haughty indifference. Is not this the lesson Jesus wanted to emphasize by the Good Samaritan parable?

**I** HAVE been very grateful during thirty-five years that The Salvation Army reached out and drew me in which I could find a healing Christ. The church might have had me, but they did not seem to want me. The family in Pittsfield have lived happily for years, because the same Salvation Army reached out to restore a lost husband and father to a position of respect in the church of his choice. In both instances it was love for souls, no matter how wretched, that fulfilled the purpose God had for us two men, all these years co-workers with Him.

There was another church in New York City that reached out to the public at its evening service in another way. Half an hour before the service was to begin, well-trained singers filled the great stone steps and sang familiar hymns and Gospel songs, that most people had known and loved since childhood — sang them beautifully and appealingly. Then when they re-entered the church the great double doors were thrown open and hooked back, so that all could feel the cordiality of the welcome thus extended to the whosoever will.

**I**F a homeless wreck like myself wanted to go in he was met by an usher, who seated him tactfully and found the next hymn for him. We knew that we were being segregated, but our feelings were not hurt in the process. A bulletin board at the door bore the legend: "This is God's house. COME IN."

And that church meant it. My self-respect always received an upward lift when I walked through those doors. I did not have to sneak in when the ushers were not looking.

I have often felt surprised that I was not converted there. I just was not ready to give up liquor. But the Master and I had some soul-disturbing talks in the dim light under the rear gallery, which kept the good desires alive.

There is much that is good in all people even though it may be smothered by sin. Not a few men who outwardly look like outcasts, are haunted by a deep desire to again be the decent man that is hidden deep in a breaking heart.

We will be like Jesus only if we willingly and heartily make these understand that our chief mission is to help them regain the beauty and joy of right living.

## THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; George L. Carpenter, General; Benjamin Orames, Territorial Commander. International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London; Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 1.

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## Morning Devotions

### Helpful Meditations from the Bible and Song Book

**SUNDAY:** Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me.

Matt. 25:40.

How many hands has our God? "God has no hands but our hands to do His work to-day."

Take my hands and let them move

At the impulse of Thy love. . . .

Take my silver and my gold;

Not a mite would I withhold. . . .

Take myself and I will be

Ever, only, all for Thee.

**MONDAY:** They brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them.—Acts 5:15.

The unconscious influence of our daily lives is significantly important. It is the example we set when we are not aware that someone is watching. What happens when it overshadows some of them?

I want in this dark world to shine,

And ever faithful be,

That all around shall know I'm Thine,

In blest reality.

**TUESDAY:** For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—Luke 19:10.

As mother love will stretch across a continent for a lost child, so the loving heart of God is ever seeking for His children who are lost.

'Tis rather God who seeks for us, Than we who seek for Him.

**WEDNESDAY:** And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

1 John 4:21.

Many of the ills of this old world would pass away if we could reach that Christ-like plane so that we would see all men everywhere as our brothers in God's great family.

He drew a circle that shut me out—

Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.

But Love and I had the wit to win:

We drew a circle that took him in.

**THURSDAY:** Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

Mark 16:15.

If we are to wear a crown, we must bear a cross of unselfish giving, prayers, and loyalty to the Church and the Kingdom.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,

Towering o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sacred story

Gathers round its head sublime.

**FRIDAY:** And, being assembled together with them, (Jesus) commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father.—Acts 1:4.

If some of us had been in that upper room, would we not have said: "Why wait? We have a terrific task to do. Let's go." But Jesus commanded: "Wait! Wait for the promise."

Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am wholly Thine,

Till all this earthly part of me Glows with Thy fire divine.

**SATURDAY:** Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.—Acts 1:8.

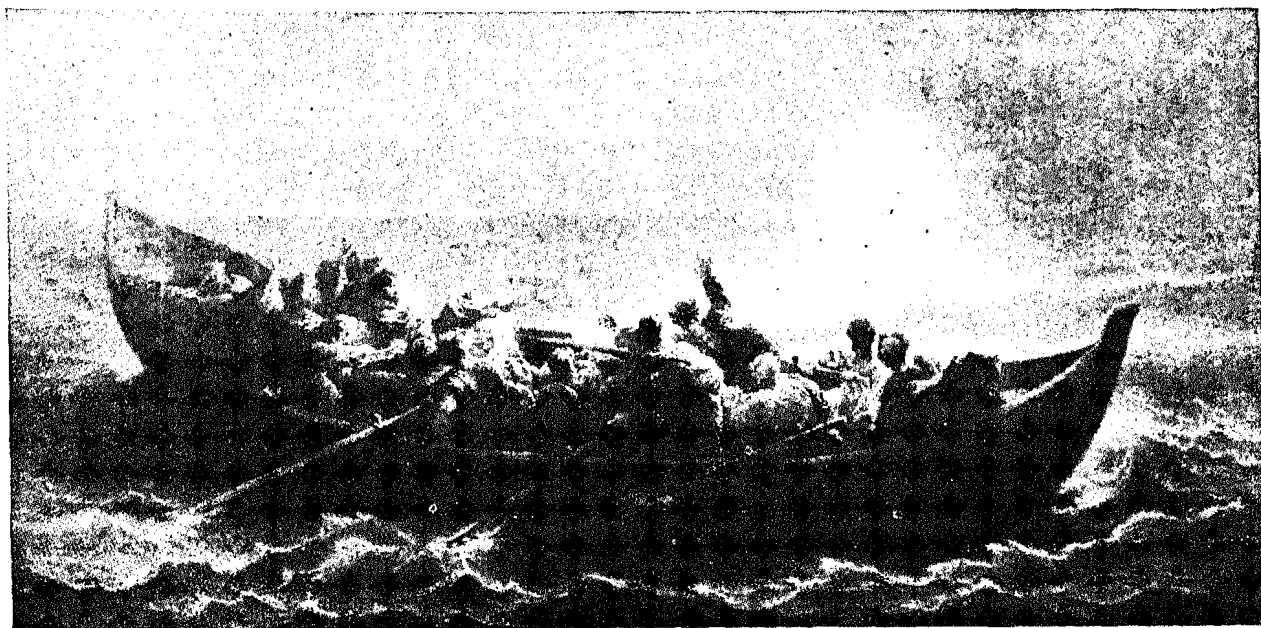
One of the most blessed experiences of life comes when one has made his consecration so complete that the Holy Spirit comes into his life and acts as his guide from that time on.

Breathe on me, Breath of God, Until my heart is pure,

Until with Thee, I will one will, To do and to endure.



# TRUE P E A C E



MASTER OF EARTH AND SEA AND SKY.—"PEACE BE STILL"

## And How It May Be Obtained

THERE is a promise contained in the verse we have quoted from Isaiah. Like all Bible promises this one is conditional. That is to say, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." Or to put it in this way: We will, if we keep our minds stayed on God, be kept in perfect peace. How may we keep our minds stayed on God?

Such a happy relationship with God the Father is reached by stages. Something that is so desirable is not to be had without some effort on our part. One might draw another parallel from the great world war. Peace was obtainable only by the efforts, the unselfish ceaseless efforts of those upon whose shoulders

fell the responsibility of securing such peace.

The first step is to make absolutely sure of pardon. Listen again to Paul; "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We cannot make any progress without first of all being pardoned or justified; or making a new start.

The next step is obedience. God spoke to the children of Israel through his servant Isaiah, and He so speaks to us to-day. "Oh, that thou had'st hearkened to My commandments, then had thy peace been as a river and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea" Dis-

obedience to God will act as an effective barrier to the soul desirous of securing this perfect peace.

Doing the will of God is much

### By An Overseas

#### "Soldier in Khaki"

better than doing the work of God. Indeed how can we possibly do God's work effectively unless we are doing the will of God. Saul was doing God's work, but was disobeying God's commands as given by His servant Samuel, and this resulted in a rebuke from the man of God. "Behold to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." No amount of labor can bring this perfect peace. Nothing short of perfect submission will suffice.

ANOTHER valuable aid in securing this perfect peace is through the medium of prayer. "Be careful for nothing," writes Paul to the people at Philippi, "but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Are there those unanswered prayers? Things that we have asked for, the withholding of which tends to destroy our peace? Let your requests be made known, until the answer comes; and with the answer will come peace.

"Whose mind is stayed on Thee because he trusteth in Thee," continues the prophet. That is the secret of keeping our mind stayed upon God. Because our trust is in Him. In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. But is God trustworthy? How may we find out?

First of all by hearing. We listen to the testimony of some of our older comrades. Their avowal is that they have trusted in God for a number of years and He has not failed them. Because of their consistent lives and their joyful trust in God, we are compelled to admit that there is something in their testimony. It rings true!

#### What is God Like?

The second way in which we may learn of God's trustworthiness is to get to know Him better. How can this be? What is God like? Many thoughtful Christians have asked this question. Philip asked the Lord Jesus on one occasion, "Show us the Father." The Master's answer is illuminating. Here is no parable, but

a straight-forward answer to an earnest seeker after truth, "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father." Study the life of Him who came to us from the presence of God the Father. Who better can tell us what God is like.

Note carefully what Jesus has to say about God. How often He refers to that other Land from which He came, and to which He would return again when His Father's will was accomplished. The Son of God became the Son of Man that the sons of man might become the sons of God.

The third way in which we may learn of God's trustworthiness, is to trust Him for ourselves. First of all make sure our hearts are clean in His sight. Then take to Him those things that we desire most of all. Having made sure that there is no iniquity in our hearts, and having by prayer and supplication made our requests known, let us hold on in faith until the answer comes.

#### Trust in God

When we trust God for ourselves, we have the wonderful experience of having our own prayers answered. Our testimony will have a new ring in it. We will have that firsthand knowledge that is so much better than mere hearsay. As an illustration: Supposing you were to go down to the river or lake in winter time. There is ice. It looks strong enough to carry your weight. You ask someone who perhaps has tried it out. They assure you that it is strong enough. However, you doubt such second-hand assurance. You step on the face of the ice, gingerly at first, and then more boldly as you gain confidence. Presently you are sliding with perfect abandon. Trust, I will trust. "Once I was young," said David. "Now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread."

Will you make up your mind to trust Him. In closing what word can I leave with you that will be more fitting than Paul's word to the church at Thessalonica at the close of his second letter to them: "Now the Lord of Peace Himself give you peace always, by all means."

#### THY DWELLING PLACE

AND His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of Heaven.  
And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone.  
Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying see;  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,  
And worthier Thee.  
Harriet Auber.



PEACEFUL SCENES such as this are again enjoyed in Britain, but peace of heart is the paramount need



ST. JOHN'S,  
NFLD., GRACE  
HOSPITAL  
GRADUATING  
CLASS, 1945

(Back row, left to right) Nurses Susie Hillyard, Ruby Brown, Anne Newton, Joyce Hillyer, Norma Tilley, Winifred Coffin, Elizabeth Meadus. Second row: Nurses Carrie Nebucett, Rhoda Parsons, Mary Broaders, Gertrude Cook, Margaret Lodge, Kathleen Hill. Front row: Nurses Helen McLaughlin, Winnifred Chard, and Lillian Peyton, Major F. Stickland, Superintendent of Nurses; Brigadier E. Fagner, Hospital Superintendent; Miss W. Robbins, Instructress of Nurses; and Nurses Hazel Noel and Nellie Abbott.

## Three Teachers

I RESTED a while in a quiet nook,  
And found there teachers three—  
One was a bird and one was a  
brook,  
And one was a green, green tree.  
The wee bird sang a cheerful song  
That no one heard but me;  
And it seemed to say: "You've  
heard my lay;  
Pass on its melody!"  
The brook flowed on in a glad, glad  
way,  
Smiling at the rock's rebuff.  
"I have no room," it said, "for  
gloom;  
I laugh when the road is rough!"  
The green tree stood with wide,  
wide boughs,  
Like hands outstretched to greet;  
When the branches stirred, I caught  
this word:  
"Be a friend to all you meet."  
The heart that's truly blessed  
Is never all its own;  
No ray of glory lights the breast  
That lives for self alone.—A.

## Dedicated To the Ministry of Healing

### IMPRESSIVE GRACE HOSPITAL GRADUATING EXERCISES AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

CONSCIOUS of the fact that they were about to enter a field full of opportunities for service, eighteen nurses who had worked diligently for three years in order to qualify at the Grace Hospital, St. John's, Nfld., wended their way to the Pitt's Memorial Hall, which for twenty years has been the setting for such memorable occasions, for the Graduation ceremony.

To inspiring music played by the united Bands the student nurses marched to their places in the auditorium followed by the staff nurses. Next entered the Graduating Class resplendent in their traditional white "bibs and aprons" brightened by multi-colored corsages tied with The Army colors, yellow, red and blue.

Already on the platform were Deputy-Mayor Eric Cook, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hoggard, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. Acton, the Rev. D. K. Burns, the Rev. I. Curtis, Mrs. Perry, Dr. W. Roberts and Brigadier Fagner, Hospital Superintendent.

Under the direction of Major A. Moulton, the Band accompanied the congregational singing, the Rev. A. Shorter prayed, and Mrs. Acton read a portion of Scripture.

The Divisional Commander then presented Deputy-Mayor Cook who welcomed Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hoggard to Newfoundland, also making kindly remarks about the hospital and its work in the city.

Colonel Hoggard conveyed greetings from the Territorial Commander and took over the chairmanship of the gathering.

#### Highlights Depicted

Highlights in the training career of the student nurse was effectively depicted. A representative of the Probationary Class heard Miss Robbins, Instructress of Nurses, outline the significance of the "capping" ceremony, the coveted "cap" being pinned in place by Brigadier Fagner. Through "Nursing—the Door to Service" came the Spirit of Nursing who was handed her probationer's commission. Nurse Margaret Lodge, a member of the Graduating Class, then charged the members of the student body to hold high the traditions of the profession, the charge being accepted by Nellie Butt, of the Intermediate Class. Mrs. Major Gennery sang effectively, and Miss Gladys Roberts, a former Superintendent of Nurses, led the graduates in repeating the Florence Nightingale Pledge.

Diplomas were presented by Mrs. Perry, wife of the minister of Wes-

ley Church, while Mrs. Hoggard presented the pins. Award winners were presented with their prizes by Mrs. Hoggard, and the Rev. I. Curtis offered the dedicatory prayer.

The Rev. D. K. Burns reminded the graduates of the contribution they were expected to make to the health, happiness and higher standards of the world, and the valedictory address was given by Nurse Lillian Peyton.

Dr. W. Roberts, Medical Superintendent, gave a resumé of the year's

work at the hospital, stating that it had been one of the busiest, but also one of the most successful, years in the hospital's history. Brigadier Fagner spoke briefly, thanking all for their support of the hospital.

The Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Slass, following which graduates and friends mingled in the M.C.L.I. rooms of the College at a happy reception.

The actual graduation ceremonies were broadcast by the kindness of an interested friend of the hospital.

## Similes of Salvation

By ADJUTANT ARNOLD BROWN  
No. 1—The Fountain

THE pages of the "world's best Book" abound with similes and metaphors which aid the human tongue in its difficult task of describing that greatest and most perfect work of God — The Salvation provided by the sacrifice of His sinless Son, Jesus Christ.

Writers of the Old and New Testaments, moved by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, had frequent recourse to similes both beautiful and forceful when referring to the Salvation of the Gospel, and in ensuing weeks we shall examine some of these illuminating symbols. Zechariah, the ancient, mystic prophet, provides us with the first.

"In that day," he declaims, "there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness."

A Fountain of Salvation! What a meaningful simile! Fountains speak of refreshment and cleansing, of the alleviation of thirst, of beautiful surroundings, of cool and choice oases. At the fountain, the trackless wastes of hot sands are forgotten. At the fountain the weariness of travel through barren lands of rocky hills and treacherous chasms vanishes. At the fountain, lengthened hours of parching (when the tongue stiffened in the mouth and the spirit fainted within) are chased away. Forgotten, too, are all the physical discomforts of dirt and defiling.

Just so is the glorious Salvation of the Gospel! Just so is the eternal plan of Redemption! Little wonder that Bishop Westcott once declared: "I would not dream of going to China with a new code of ethics;

nor would I consider travelling to India with a new set of moral standards, but I would race to China and India, and indeed I would girdle the globe to tell men everywhere that

*There is a fountain filled with  
Blood*

*Drawn from Immanuel's veins.  
And sinners plunged beneath  
that flood*

*Lose all their guilty stains.*

History has on record descriptions of famous fountains provided for both appearance and utility. In ancient times fountains were frequently erected in honor of the deity to whom the spring of water was sacred. Greece possessed numerous such sacred fountains. In

Rome, fountains were the only source of water-supply for the poorer citizens. But all these fountains had one thing in common. When the spring of water dried or was diverted, when the masonry and ornamental superstructure fell to pieces in the battle with Time, the fountains ceased to provide either water or ornament, and soon were disused and forgotten.

Not so with this Fountain of Salvation! Its efficacious flow was foretold by Zechariah, David and others. Its cleansing tide began at the most auspicious moment of all history—that moment when the Son of God, at Calvary, interposed Himself between the sin of men and the judgment of the Father God. Its crimson stream, springing in Heavenly places, has surged through the ages, undiminished in its flow, unopposed by every protesting agency, and is as effectual to-day in its ability to cleanse from sin and uncleanness as it ever was.

What joy awaits the traveller on life's way when, after long journeyings through the deserts of difficulty, along the sideroads of sin; over the badlands of neglect and indifference, he comes at last upon this Fountain of Salvation, and leaving all behind him, plunges into its healing tide, to discover that the sins of years are washed away, the conscience is cleansed, the heart is purged and refreshed, and the whole life is purified!

It is indeed a beautiful simile of Salvation—this Fountain spoken of so joyously by Zechariah; but we should not forget that the Salvation itself is far greater than the simile. May the expression of all hearts be found in the words of the poet:

*I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and  
live.*

*I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my  
soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.*



AT GRAND FALLS, NFLD., Officers assembled for Council sessions are seen with the Congress leaders, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. Hoggard (who also participated in the Nurses' Graduating Exercises reported on this page), and the Divisional leaders, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. Acton



# Red Shield News and Views

Service men and women relax amid the comfortable surroundings of a Red Shield Canteen and lounge in Antwerp, Belgium



## "A GREAT AND GRAND JOB"

Canadian Red Shield Activities Reviewed by Major Clifford Brindley

The information and particulars contained in the accompanying article have been covered in various ways in recent issues of *The War Cry*, but believing that Canadian Red Shield activities viewed from the standpoint of an American visitor to be of interest to many of our readers, the following excellent review is reprinted from the Eastern U.S. Territory *War Cry*.

CANADIAN boys, nearly half a million of them, have established a record of service in this war second to none. As part of the 21st Army group, under Field-Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery, they have shared in the toughest fighting right into Germany, and have distinguished themselves, as their fathers did in World War I, by their courage, endurance and resourcefulness.

With them, right from their induction into service and basic camp training in the Dominion through to the front and home again, has gone The Salvation Army. As one of four organizations designated by the Canadian government for auxiliary service with the troops, The Salvation Army in Canada has been in this war as early as September, 1938, when the Munich crisis made it evident that war in which Canada would fill a prominent place was inevitable.

Specific camps and areas of service were assigned to Salvation Army forces and in these all auxiliary services to the troops passing through were in the hands of carefully selected and trained Salvation Army personnel. The director of all these operations, under the Territorial Commander, Commissioner B. Orames, has been Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Dray, an Officer whose long experience in field as well as immigration work specially fitted him for such an exacting task.

As Lieut.-Colonel Dray returned from a two-months' tour of inspection of Salvation Army auxiliary services in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe while I was recently in Toronto, I determined to pass on to American citizens some of his first-hand impressions of conditions as he found them over there, as well as something concerning the magnificent job Canadian Salvationists have done and are still doing with the Canadian troops. Said the Colonel:

"At least life never has a dull moment for us here in the War Services Department. The boys are on their way home now, thirty to forty thousand of them a month, and one of the big problems demanding an immediate solution is what can be done for the nearly 40,000 war wives and perhaps almost as many children born to Canadian soldiers who married overseas. Most of these wives are English, but there are some Scotch, some Belgian and some Dutch. They and their children are coming to a new land and strange people and

few of them will find anything like a comfortable home ready for them. Besides, their journey in many instances has just begun when they have left the transport at Halifax. For some, thousands of miles of weary railway travel stretches out before them. We must do all we can to make them welcome and to make them comfortable until they get to journey's end."

But we were sure, as we heard the problem set forth, that The Salvation Army was going to do something about it; in fact, was already doing a great deal about it.

"We have a staff meeting all troop ships at Halifax, in co-operation with the Canadian Red Cross, to serve the boys as they land there, but with particular attention to the needs and problems of the wives and children of these men," the Colonel told us, "and to the wounded and disabled, especially if they are married and their families are travelling with them."

As evidence of the resourcefulness and extent of this service the Colonel told us of an English girl, whose Canadian husband, wounded in the fighting on the Continent, was in a hospital in Winnipeg, had

crowded a liner, but she left without a worry on their account, for it was arranged that they should follow her by train under the expert care of a Salvation Army woman Officer who took them through to their destination. Already, such incidents of emergency, no two alike but all adequately met by the Red Shield War Service Department, were multiplying.

"It will be a year before all our returning troops are home again," he said, "and during those twelve months the services we must render will be heavier and more varied than in any similar period during the war emergency."

"Hostels are being established for returning servicemen and their wives. One of these is already in full operation at Halifax, and others are being set up in Montreal and Toronto in a very short time. As the need indicates, others will be opened. Here baths, showers, rest, food and other comforts and necessities will be provided free of charge."

"Then to help these war wives get settled and assimilate quickly Canadian manners and customs, we have established Canadian Wives'



HUNGRY HOLLANDERS gratefully accept food provided by The Salvation Army Relief Team Worker, a large number of whom are working in lately liberated lands succoring and cheering the distressed

come over to be with him. On her arrival she learned that he was not expected to live; in fact, might have only a few days left. With her were their two children.

Utterly distracted and anxious to get to her husband at the earliest possible moment, she was definitely in need of a friend, and a rather powerful friend.

When the Red Shield War Service Supervisor presented the facts to the officials of the Trans Canada Air Lines, space on a plane through to Winnipeg was secured for the mother and she was soon on her journey, tearfully grateful. Obviously, of course, the two children had to be provided for and could not accompany her on the already

lectures in England. At these clubs lectures and demonstrations are given on ways of life in Canada. As they arrive in the Dominion full particulars as to their destination, address, etc., are recorded and the Corps Officers in the communities to which they will go with their husbands will, with this data before them, follow up the contacts already made and service rendered by visiting them and placing the facilities of the local Corps organization at their command. This will not only aid in their assimilation by the community that is now to be their home, but undoubtedly bring many of them into the life and program of The Salvation Army Corps."

Colonel Dray arrived in England

## IN GERMANY TO-DAY

Red Shield Headquarters Set Up At BadSalsuflen

THE Red Shield Headquarters for Germany has been established at BadSalsuflen, where Major and Mrs. Saunders are representing Salvation Army work with the British Liberation Army, which is under the direction of Brigadier Bloomfield, of Brussels Headquarters.

Red Shield Canteens are to be opened at Detmold and Minden, and there are requests for openings in other places.

In a hurried personal note written between journeys Major Saunders speaks of the need for more still to be done for the men. "The need has always been great over here, but now the noise of battle is gone and the men are more or less stationary, there is a danger of monotony becoming a grave burden. It is just there we can help."

two weeks before V-E Day. The bombings had practically ceased by that time, although there was still a feeling of tension in the air, he told us. Those V-1 and V-2 bombs were nasty instruments of destruction and no one laughed at them. But he found expectation mounting. The burden of worry and fear was lifting rapidly. Then on the Monday when cessation of hostilities was announced the Colonel was in London. There was no noisy or demonstrative celebration of final victory but rather, he says, a quiet, grateful joy as the people, deserving more than any other of the Allied peoples relief from the horrible nightmare of death and destruction which for five years had borne down upon them, realized that at last the end had come and there would be quiet and rest and release from the awful tension of the war years.

### On the Continent

We were most interested, however, in the Colonel's report of work and conditions on the Continent, where a total of eighty-five Red Shield Supervisors represent his department under the direction of a Force Director and an Assistant Force Director, the latter located in the forward area. These Supervisors serve specific units all over Belgium, Holland and the area of Germany liberated by the 21st Army group.

Each of these centres carries on a continuous program of entertainment, canteen service, motion picture showings and other activity of similar nature.

Leave Centres are established for all men of the B.L.A. (British Liberation Armies), including not only Canadians but troops of all other nationalities serving with Montgomery's armies.

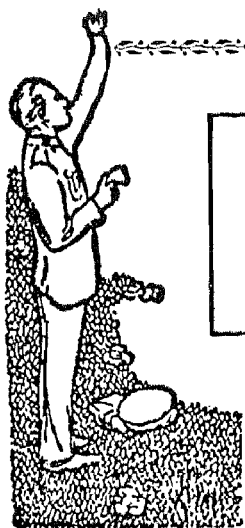
In addition to the general Auxiliary Services programs, the Colonel said, The Salvation Army War Services handle exclusively all motion picture entertainment for the Canadian forces in the United Kingdom and on the Continent, including films assigned to the centres operated by the other three Auxiliary Services. Procurement and routing of films is handled by one very busy

(Continued on page 12)



## T-I-M-E-L-Y

## Messages from Readers



By MAJOR  
LEWIS (R)

## THE POTTER

"The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words. Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it."

Jeremiah 18:1-14.

**T**HIS lesson is unfolded by God to show His purpose, to teach us His Infinite Power, His Sovereignty over all and human frailty and its utter helplessness apart from Him. It also tells us of the long-suffering, patience and compassion of God. In Isaiah we read the heart-cry-prayer of His afflicted people, "O Lord, Thou art our Father; we are the clay, and Thou our Potter; and we all are the work of Thy hand." (Isaiah 64:8.)

It is recorded that there was at Jerusalem a royal establishment of potters, from whose employment and from the fragments cast away from their industry, the Potters' Field became known. Doubtless, it was from here Jeremiah heard the words of the Lord, when the potters were busy at their work.

From some defect in the unctuous earth in making earthenware, the master cast the unfinished vessel into the prepared vat of clay, and beginning again made it into a vessel of honor. Here, cannot we all find encouragement for our task? The Lord said to Paul, "Go thy way; for he is a chosen vessel unto me." God wants us to possess His vessel in sanctification and honor.

## Earthen Water-pots

The potter in India is a necessity. During my last command, in the Panch Mahals, in my travels through the Division I gained some valuable lessons from the potter and his age-long craft. The name given to this caste in the vernacular in Kumbhar. Their business name is Kumbharkee. His wife, who is one of the hard-working women of India in preparing the earth and other minerals of the prepared clay for the pottery, is called Kumbaree. On my visit to his house the kind potter gave me a few miniature earthen water-pots which I deeply appreciate and which wonderfully assist me in giving an object lesson.

At certain seasons, the pottery

## THE PASSAGE OF TIME

**T**O-MORROW becomes yesterday before we know it. Before we really have a chance to get acquainted with next week it has become last week. Already most of what we called the new year belongs to the past.

The one who makes his life worth while is the one who is getting the most out of the present moment. If he puts his trust in the future, if he relies more on "going to do" than on doing, he is lost.

Paul enjoins, "Redeem the time, for the days are evil."

business is a thriving affair. For they manufacture many kinds and sizes of water-pots, and other household utensils. They also do a large trade for the Hindu holidays in the making of earthen images, especially for their God, Gunpati, the elephant headed so-called God, and others. Throughout the ages in India the potter has carried on his craft as his ancestors have done for generations, turning the wheel with his foot, which wheel, revolves parallel to the horizon.

There is an ancient legend, telling the origin of the potter's caste. Once upon a time, the god Siva wished to marry, when his friends and others assembled for the festival. It was then discovered that there was a lack of vessels for the marriage feast. A Brahman was sent for and ordered to make them. With deep humility and clasped hands he pleaded that materials might be given him to carry out the request, when one of the votaries gave his discus, a flattish ring of iron for a potter's wheel. For this good deed the descendants of this Brahman have always had the entire control of the pot-making craft.

## Secret of Cooling

In an Indian pottery various shapes and sizes are made, and when they are designed for drinking water the clay is specially prepared with a certain amount of salt and a mineral composed of nitric acid and potash, these different parts helping in a large measure the

cooling power of the jars or water-pots. This we have proved again and again in our long stay in India. In fact we never had ice or felt its lack. The potters also make the small earthen saucers, which, when filled with oil and common twine as wick, act as lamps. My potter friend presented me with a few of these to take to my homeland.

## From River-beds

These utensils may be bought very cheaply in India. The Kumbars use both red and black earth. The former is to be found on high-lying ground, the latter he gathers from the beds of rivers and streams. He takes it as a free gift.

It is interesting to watch the potter at work. Wonderful are his flexible fingers turning out the various sizes and shapes of art on his obsolete machine. When the clay takes shape in the form of divers kinds of pots, it is then severed from the rest of the clay by a piece of string, and laid aside on prepared earth before going to the kiln for final process.

There is always plenty of work for the one who makes earthen vessels. When a death takes place in an Indian home all the vessels must be destroyed and new utensils bought. The bereaved's loss becomes his gain.

India, its customs, low mud houses, its ever movable Chul (fireplace) and various earthen vessels, bring its people in close relation to mother-earth.

## THE SHEPHERD PSALM

**I** LOVE to read Psalm 23. I think when David wrote it he must have been comforted by the Spirit of God, for according to some of his other writings he seemed to be in great trouble at times. He prayed to God to heal him of his afflictions and forgive his sins.

I have often wondered how David, one of God's anointed kings, could sin, but he did commit a most grievous sin and therefore was punished for it. But according to the Psalm he was forgiven and returned to God, for he calls the Lord his Shepherd.

Yes, our Lord is the Great Shepherd. He says, "We all like sheep have gone astray and every one has turned to his own way." And we, too, like David, can go astray, but

if we do not return we will be lost.

The promise to the Christian is that He will be with him in death, and guide us through that Great Valley through which all must pass.

Yes, God prepares a table for all His people, and even feeds them with the Bread of Life which is Jesus Christ. He anoints him for His service.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow him all the days of his life, and he shall dwell in the house of our Lord forever.—Silox F. Lamb, Queen Elizabeth Unit, Riverdale Hospital, Toronto.

## AN OLD SAINT'S PRAYER

**L**ORD, I know not what I ought to ask of Thee; Thou only knowest what I need; Thou lovest me better than I know how to love myself.

O Father! give to Thy child that which he knows not how to ask. I dare not ask either for crosses or consolations; I present myself before Thee, I open my heart to Thee. Behold my needs which I know not; see and do according to Thy tender mercy. Smite or heal; depress me or raise me up; I adore all Thy purposes without knowing them; I am silent. I offer myself in sacrifice; I yield myself to Thee; I would have no other desire than to accomplish Thy will.—Fenelon.

A Lesson  
from the Leaves

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

**T**HROUGH the darkest shadows  
I glimpse the green of brighter  
leaves,  
And all are moved to one accord  
By softly blowing breeze . . .  
I gaze through darkest shadows  
At brighter things above,  
And know that He is watching  
O'er all in tender love.

The dark leaves, and the brighter,  
Clothe earth with lovely charm—  
Why question Him in darkness  
When leaning on His arm?  
The mystery of shadows  
Is still unsolved by men,  
For He who holds the meaning  
Withholds from thought and pen.

The shadows of good things to come  
We welcome with a smile,  
And know that all God's "shadings"  
Are needed here the while.  
Ah, soon the darkness will be gone,  
Fulfilled all things shall be—  
Oh, then we'll see Him face to face  
In glad Eternity!

I cannot close these lines  
Without my praise to Him,  
For darkest leaves and bright ones  
Clothing sturdy branch and limb;  
For Love's cool breeze that mingles  
All to one glad praise  
To Him who bore our sins away,  
Thus gladdening all our days.  
Vancouver, B.C. Mrs. Stafford Graham.

## GOD'S PROVIDENCE

Nothing Comes Too Soon  
or Late

**I**N the divine providence nothing comes a moment too soon or too late, but everything comes in its own true time. Every link of the chain of God's providences fits into its own place. We do not see the providence at the time. Not until afterwards will you see that your disappointments, hardships, trials, and the wrongs inflicted on you by others, are part of God's good providence toward you, full of blessing. We need only to learn to wait in patience.—J. R. Miller.

## HOLD ON!

Until the Turn of the Tide

**W**HEN you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn. Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## "Thy Word Is Truth"

Golden Gleams from  
the Sacred Page

## EVEN AS CHRIST DID

**S**ET your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.

Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so do ye.—Colossians 3:2; 13.



## OUR . . . MAGAZINE . . . PAGE

Diversified and Informative Reading for Sunny Summer Hours

## THE BIBLE IN CHINA

An Impressive Contribution to the Literacy of the Land

THE Chinese Ambassador in London, Dr. Wellington Koo, stated recently that since the outbreak of war forty millions of Chinese have learned to read.

To teach 450 millions of people is an immense task in itself, but it is made immeasurably more difficult when it is recalled that the largest native dictionary deals with 49,000 characters or ideograms. The problem, however, has been partly solved by the use of phonetic script, which uses less than forty symbols for the reduction to writing of the spoken sounds of everyday speech.

After the war, the Chinese Government will resume its efforts to establish elementary education throughout the country. The Christian contribution to literacy in China has been impressive, and it is very significant that the Bible was the first book to be produced in modern times in this mother tongue of the people. The Mandarin Bible is helping to standardize the language of China, and without question is having much the same influence as the Authorized Version on our own language and literature.

## Students' Difficulties

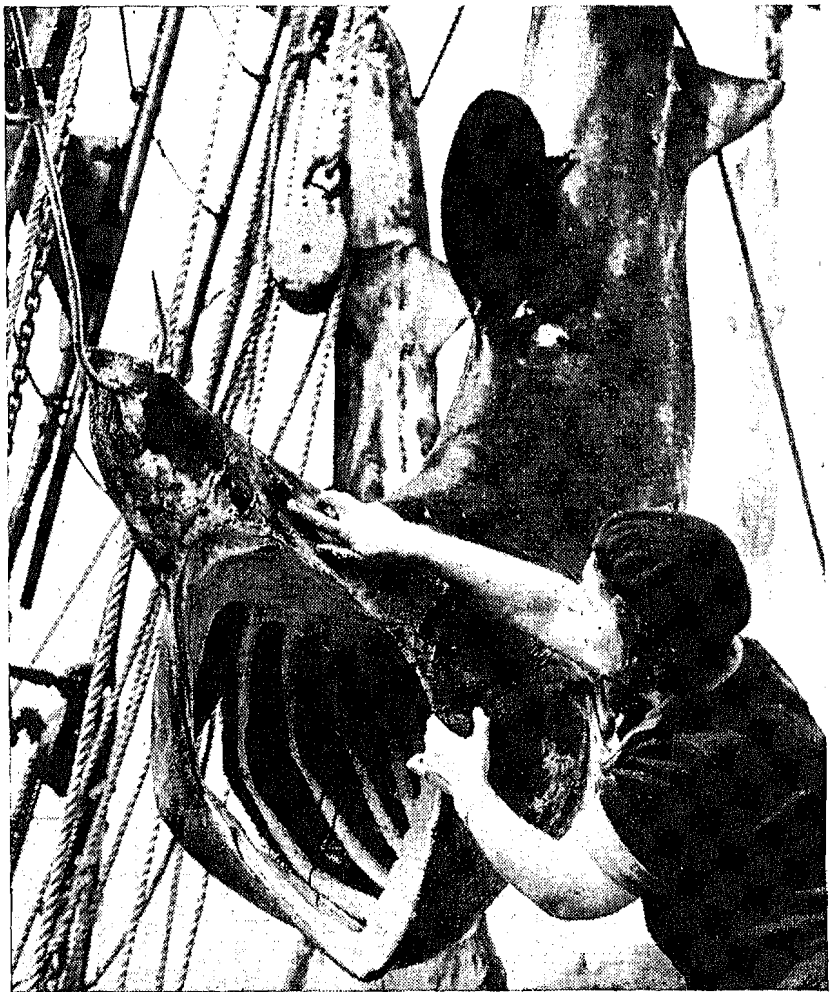
The Chinese universities have settled down in small country towns and villages after the thrill of dangerous and arduous journeys and the excitement of adjustments to country life and new conditions. The prospect is dreary. The rise in prices means that everyone is living under fearful economic pressure. Food is insufficient. The books and equipment of the colleges are inadequate, and the absence of any new books or magazines increases the sense of mental stagnation. During the last two years most of these places have not suffered badly from air-raids, though constant air alarms and occasionally scouting planes waste a great deal of time and excite a feeling of exasperation. After six years of war the morale of the people, though unimpaired as to the necessity of carrying on the struggle, is more than a little war-worn.

There seems no prospect of an early end of the war, and, now that

the menace of constant bombing is lessened, the war seems a long way off and official propaganda an oft-repeated tale. If this is true of the general public, it is also true of the students. Their first problem is the elementary one of getting enough to eat. Government students from the occupied areas generally receive a grant that covers their board bill, and in many places schools receive concessions of cheap rice. But in general the diet contains no meat at all, or very little, the food is often badly-cooked, the rice is only half-steamed so as to seem more filling, and now only too often there is not enough rice—the staple commodity—for students to eat their fill. Tuberculosis and other deficiency diseases are on the increase, and many scholars, knowing they are undernourished, worry acutely about the possibility of falling ill.

## A Harmless Shark

Dead or alive, it isn't dangerous to look this 1,200-pound basking shark in the mouth. It is one species that isn't a man-eater. It was caught in the English Channel by a London osteopath whose wife looks over its dentition.



The liver commands a high price to-day. The basking-shark is one of the largest species of shark, sometimes reaching a length of 40-feet. Still larger, and equally harmless is the whale-shark of the Indian Ocean, which is 50-

feet long. The more formidable of sharks are the blue shark, the hammer-headed shark, and the white shark which are particularly plentiful in tropical seas and notorious for its voracity and viciousness.

## HIMALAYA'S HUMAN CAMELS

Woefully Undernourished They Nevertheless Possess Amazing Strength and Stamina

AT a point where the motor roads of Northern India and the Kashiari Hills end, and, ahead where a narrow path winds its tortuous way upwards into the heart of the mountains, there is a small bazaar. In one corner is an open space, and there, either fast asleep in the dust or sitting about in groups, chatting to one another, may be observed a crowd of filthy, unkempt, and wild-looking men.

They are the hill or "camel" coolies of the North-West Frontier

of India. Not so long ago every piece of luggage or furniture which had to be moved was carried up the steep paths on their broad, bowed backs.

Physically, the hill coolie is extraordinarily developed. His back and shoulders are abnormally broad and bowed from his loads, while his legs look like two broken match sticks. Nevertheless, his strength and stamina are amazing, as any who have seen these men will allow.

For instance, there is a narrow tortuous path which leads from Tanmarg to Gulmarg—the great golfing centre of Kashmir—where the climb is so steep (three thousand feet in three miles) that it taxes the strength of even a Himalaya-bred pony, yet a coolie will make this journey three or four times a day, often with as much as two hundred pounds on his back—and, literally, thinking nothing of it!

## Hard Labor Plus Poverty

No man on earth is so poor as the Himalaya hill coolie. He has no home, but like the pariah dog, drops down to sleep on the hard ground when the day's work is done. If it rains, he can only draw his scanty rags more closely about his body, and hope that the new day's sun will dry him again. He does not eat meat or cooked food, for he is too poor to buy any, but, occasionally, if he is lucky, someone out of pity may give him a handful of rice. Nor is he better off mentally. He appears to have no youth, while his intelligence, beyond a certain amount of natural instinct, is nonexistent.

An eyewitness claims to have seen a coolie toiling up a steep hill on a blazing summer's day with a small piano on his back!

## "FINNAN" HADDIE

How It Got Its Name

WHY is a smoked haddock a "finnan haddie"? Lots of people have wondered why, and not many of them have ever learned the answer to the question.

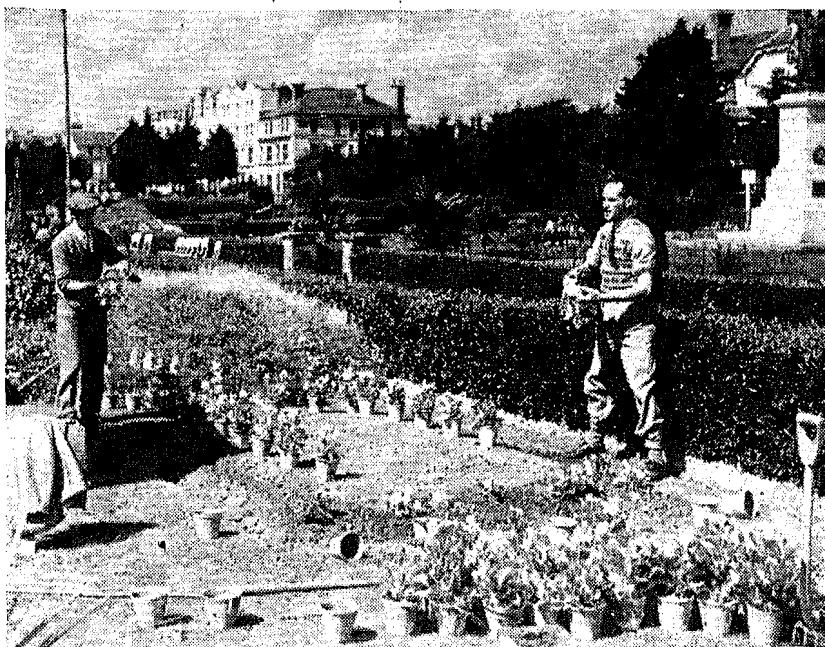
All the finnan haddies originally came from Findon, a little fishing village in Kincardine, Scotland, not far from Aberdeen. The village is so small that you cannot find it on most maps, but it has long carried on a thriving business in catching and curing fish, principally haddock.

The people of Findon—which is pronounced "Finnan" by the Scotch folk of the east coast—early learned how to salt and smoke fish rather better than their neighbors and came to have a special reputation for their product. So Finnan haddie, which was originally just a haddock, smoked and cured at Findon, has come to be the name of that kind of fish wherever produced.

It is a great compliment to the little Scottish fishing hamlet. The Findon folk learned to do one thing better than anyone else, and their fame has gone abroad through the world. That is the true road to fame, whether you paint pictures, or make automobiles, or build ships, or cure fish, or do anything worth while in this busy and critical world.

## NEW ANTI-FOG CHEMICAL

ANYONE who has been inconvenienced by the fogging up of his eyeglasses when coming indoors, to say nothing of the same trouble with windshields, camera lenses, or other glass surfaces on which fog gathers because of temperature changes, will be interested in a new anti-fog chemical said to be nontoxic and noninflammable. When wiped on the glass, it forms an invisible film which prevents fog.



THE FLOWERS BLOOM AGAIN.—At Clacton-on-Sea, one of England's seaside resorts, long prohibited to holiday-makers, men are now busy at work clearing the front and beautifying the gardens to welcome the visitors already arriving

## AN INSPIRING WEEKLY MESSAGE FROM THE ARMY'S INTERNATIONAL LEADER



## A GOOD INVESTMENT

**T**WO recent events in my varied life have left a deep impression on my mind.

One was the opening of "Sunset Lodge," the new Home for infirm retired Salvation Army Officers at Tunbridge Wells, England, and the other the promotion to Glory of Colonel George Holmes, an outstanding British Retired Officer.

When I stood amidst the grateful veterans gathered from somewhat difficult circumstances into the spacious friendliness of the house which, through prayer, a generous friend has made it possible for us to acquire, I did not imagine that on the same day of the following week, and at about the same time, I should be standing in the sunshine beating down on an open grave, and committing to earth the remains of an intimate Officer-friend.

The two events looked in different directions. At Tunbridge Wells we thought and spoke of more life. It was to be slow-moving, sheltered and mellow, but life to be looked forward to, and to be used and flavored as long as it was given.

At the graveside we thought of death, the great divider and yet the great uniter.

There were tears on both of these Thursday assemblies. At the one, tears of gratitude for so gracious a setting for declining years. At the other, tears of sorrow that so sunny a comrade would never again grip our hands and say, with quizzical, half-closed eyes, "God bless you, dear friend."

### DEDICATED TO A HIGH AND NOBLE PURPOSE

**Y**ET with these and other contrasts there was an underlying harmony. Over both events brooded the deep, rich satisfaction of lives well invested, from which were being reaped an abundant harvest.

As I looked at our warrior-guests, at "Sunset Lodge" and saw how they were bowed, some more than a little infirm, none of them able to stand any longer the buffeting of the noisy, blustering life of to-day, I told myself that only the spirit of dedication to a high and noble purpose could produce that air of tranquility amongst them.

Their faces were the canvases upon which their life-work had faithfully painted. Discipline, self-forgetfulness, self-mastery, love, joy and peace, could alone produce those works of art.

They were, to me, like pointers to places where dwelt the grateful blessed, those hosts who thanked God that these shepherds had come their way.

And as we gathered in the early-afternoon in a London Salvation Army Hall and at a London cemetery, we seemed to be surrounded by an invisible choir of young men and women, singing praise to God for the elder brother who had poured out upon them his interest, affection and constructive labor.

Did ever triumphant warrior go home with better anthem to herald his passing?

### THE HARVEST MARCHES ON SWIFTLY

**W**ELL-INVESTED LIVES! Wasted lives! We know them both in The Salvation Army. Indeed, some of these now in the summer years grew wise and patient and finely-tempered as they struggled to help in the redemption of wasted lives. Had I the power to do all I should like to do for the young people of to-day, I would bring before them in the flesh, for their own eyes to see, these contrasting human types—the wasters and the wise-investors.

I would tell them that harvest marches so swiftly on seed-time. In England to-day we are once again marvelling at the swift-growing crops. It seems no time at all since the cold rain beat upon bare fields, yet the swelling grain already nods in rhythmic dance as it hides the earth and stretches toward heaven. So quickly are the years of human life changed from seed-time to harvest! There is no time to spare over "wild oats." There is not time to "let be." The investment must be made without delay.

I do not argue that there is a special virtue in the calling of a Salvation Army Officer that gives him any copyright in sunset joy, though I doubt whether any people have richer memories to illuminate their resting days.

In every community there are the gracious to whom "the Lord has been good," because they have served with unselfish devotion some high and needful cause.

But I do maintain that the Divine law, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," needs to be declared to the less experienced with authority.

Wealth cannot carve serenity on aged faces, nor bring invisible choirs of grateful youths to Jordan-side, Power can bow the shoulders and destroy the soul. Fame? Well, we have seen lately how quickly that bright armor can be tarnished. Amazing paradox! It is the giver that gets, the prodigal-dispenser for the sake of others who grows rich in the possessions that cannot fade.

Come along then, young friends. Give and give and give, your talents, your love, your knowledge, your strength! Pour them out into every channel that opens up before you. From every viewpoint it is the best way to grow old, as grow old you must.

# LIGHT IN PRISON

## French Officer's Five Years in Captivity

**"O**NE of the greatest chances of my life to serve God," is how Major Jean Bordas, a French Salvation Army Officer, describes his five years of captivity in German hands.

He was captured in June, 1940, while in charge of a canteen accompanying a French artillery regiment. For nearly a year, while working on a farm at Otzenrath, he led prayers every evening and on Sundays with some ten to fifteen men gathered in a cattle-shed. Transferred to Stalag Krefeld, he became a chaplain and distributed thousands of religious books and New Testaments. For four years he had "the most interesting work that a Salvationist could wish to have in exile," visiting over a district of about 110 miles, leading meetings almost every evening.

"Most of the 550 Protestants I visited were indifferent to religious things before their captivity, but their faith was awakened through suffering. Some were converted and wrote me deeply-moving letters after their release.

"Many of the priests in my Stalag received me as a brother. There were true apostles among them who had chosen Christ as the supreme object of their faith and love. We spoke only of Him and His Kingdom.

"Contact between a prisoner of war and German civilians was forbidden, but after terrible bombardments I could not resist the desire to encourage those who were my brethren in The Salvation Army's great family and visited Brigadier Pithan, a woman-Officer of Barmen, Brigadier and Mrs. von Thun, of Wuppertal; Major Ostomeyer, of Dusseldorf, and others. I had the joy of praying with them, but could not go often because of the Gestapo. The faithful German Salvationists have suffered!"

From November, 1944, until his liberation in April, 1945, Major

Bordas was chaplain at the Gerresheim Hospital, near Dusseldorf. British, American, Canadian, Australian, French, Belgian, Italian and Greek members of his community proved "that Christ alone is able to bring union between men and races." The light of these men sharing the same miserable conditions and communing together can never be forgotten.

"One of my friends was a Belgian miner and boxer. He was converted in captivity. One day we tried to study a religious pamphlet containing many words unfamiliar to the men. After a while my friend said, 'Jesus talks more simply.'

"Paul, a Frenchman from the North, enthusiastic, frank and loyal, was converted from atheism during captivity. 'Now I see the way,' he said. 'Everything is luminous before me.'

"One of my faithful helpers for five months was a Royal Canadian Air Force Officer, a student champion swimmer, champion boxer and 'rugger' player. His right arm and left leg were amputated. When I led a service in the room with him and six other mutilated men he read from the Gospel and then struck up in a beautiful bass voice, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'

"A train of American wounded prisoners arrived from the Dutch front. They sometimes remained three days without care in the German lines. I went from one to another. Then I found John, a twenty-two-year-old student. The splinters of a grenade had ploughed his face, putting out both eyes and cutting his left hand. Blind and amputated, he could not talk easily, but his right hand pressed mine as I prayed beside him. Later he told me: 'There was revolt in my heart, but now there is peace.'

"He became a ray of sunshine, always singing, trying to make himself useful with his one hand. The blind had become a light-bearer."

# CAMPAIGN CAMEOS

A Series of Incidents Related by Major W. Ross

## 3.—THE SOLDIER STRANGER

Then Jesus, beholding him, loved him.—Mark 10:21.

**H**E was noticeable immediately, even among the crowd that packed the spacious Army Citadel — this clean-cut young soldier from the neighboring military camp.

The frank curiosity with which he followed the various exercises of the meeting, marked him as a newcomer. He stayed until the very last chorus of the Hallelujah wind-up concluded the service. The Welcome Sergeant (may God bless all such faithful workers) not only shook hands with him, and asked him to return, but, loyal to his trust, asked the lad whether or not he had ever found forgiveness of his sins through Christ.

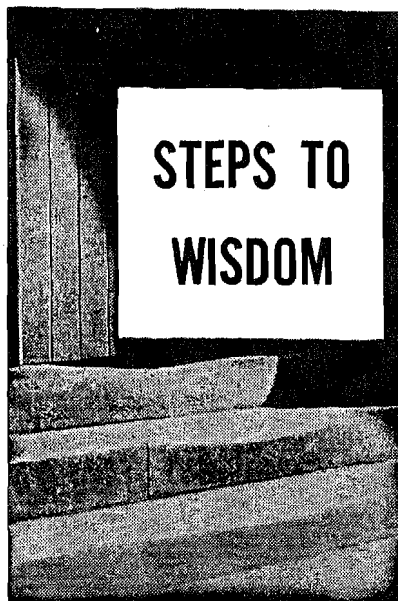
The answer was as frank as it was courteous: "Sir, I know nothing about it. The whole meeting has been strange to me — something new."

Now note, reader friend, how God works, and how very often many of His servants are permitted to participate in Redemption's Plan, as it affects one soul. A word, a prayer, a tear, a handshake and a smile all combine, and a sinner seeks the Saviour. We are all "workers together with Him."

A Songster overheard the soldier's reply, and scarcely knowing how to meet his need herself, sped to the platform, and with an urgency that could not be denied, pleaded that someone might speak to the enquirer ere he left the building.

We found him standing on the steps leading from the Hall, and soon saw that this was a special case. Would he return with us to the Hall? That was impossible. He had to hasten back to camp.

Could he not then, come to the  
(Continued on page 16)



## Paragraphs That Lead to Higher Levels

A man can dignify his rank, but no rank can dignify a man.

The heart has reasons that reason does not understand.



# Here and There IN THE ARMY WORLD

## THREE REASONS

A YOUNG man who had been "away from the Corps" for a long time before joining the Services has signed new Articles of War and is determined to redeem "the years that have been lost." Speaking at his home Corps recently, he said that his decision to reconsecrate his life to God and The Army had been brought about largely by (1) the prayers and confidence expressed in him by the people at home when he didn't deserve either; (2) the kindness and spiritual help given so gladly by Red Shield workers in Cairo; (3) the sincere and hearty welcome extended to him when he quietly entered a Sunday morning meeting at home.

## AFRICAN SOUL-WINNERS

THE twenty-seven Africans comprising the "Fearless" Session of Cadets just commissioned for Salvation Army service in Kenya and Uganda, represent eight tribes and speak ten languages. They include a clerk, shop assistant, tailor, teachers, brickmaker, farm hands, housekeeper, and several Envoys in the employ of The Salvation Army.

Sixteen of the Cadets were Corps Cadets, and nearly all have held Local Officers' Commissions.

Only five of the parents of the Cadets are Christians, but since conversion ten Cadets have led members of their families to Christ. One Cadet won three of his brothers, two of whom are now Corps Cadets.

Witchcraft was generally observed in the non-Christian homes, and parents, in some instances, brought their children up in its belief.

After conversion their children have taken their stand for what they felt to be right.

The majority of the Cadets had no education until after conversion.

## TOURING THE WEST INDIES

FROM Kingston, Jamaica, Colonel F. C. Ham, Territorial Commander, West Indies and Central America Territory, writes:

"Believe me, the Canadian War Cry was never more welcome than it is at the present time. Separation by distance makes the homeland War Cry a newsletter full of interest to us.

"I have just returned from a tour, visiting Cuba, the Bahamas and Miami, and am off again shortly to the other part of the Territory which includes Panama, Costa Rica, Trinidad, Barbados, British Guiana, French Guiana, Dutch Guiana and Curacao. I shall then have covered by the first week in September, all the Divisions and Sections of this Territory with the exception of British Honduras."

Many of them have had to plod along, husband helping the wife to read and write.

Some received their first education and instruction in Salvation Army Bush Schools.

One Cadet was brought to God and into The Army through the instrumentality of the Nairobi Central Night School. Open-air meetings attracted some.

## HELP NEEDED

IN the Madras and Telgu Territory, India, work is being carried on in 400 centres, but calls continually come to open more.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S EFFICIENCY AWARDS

IN connection with the Commissioner's Efficiency Shield and Bonus Competition, 1944, the following awards have been made:

1. The Commissioner's Efficiency Shield and Bonus of \$25: Portage la Prairie Young People's Corps, Manitoba Division.

2. The Commissioner's Pennant and Bonus of \$10: Parliament Street Young People's Corps, Toronto Division.

# The World About Us

## OCCASIONAL COMMENTS ON CURRENT EVENTS

AN EDITORIAL in a recent issue of the *Globe and Mail*, Toronto, reveals a rare discernment on the part of the writer and, incidentally, also reveals the fact that newspaper editors have an appreciation of the real values of life. It reads thus:

"Going away from home is for many men an opportunity for indulging in forms of conduct which they would never dream of using in familiar surroundings. The restraints laid on a man by his family and friends, and the good opinion of his neighbors, are removed and 'he goes to town,' as the saying is. How a man behaves a long way from home is, indeed, as good a test of his moral sincerity as there could be.

"Of course, when one enjoys the eminence of one of the world's greatest offices, it becomes next to impossible to get off the beaten track. Sharp-eyed reporters with you, and political enemies at home, waiting for a mis-step, induce an element of caution. Nobody would insist, however, on a better behavior than the folks back home would demand among themselves.

## REAL VALUES

## CHILDREN (and Parents) BENEFITTED



Representative of Summer Vacation Schools held in Salvation Army Halls in the Canadian Territory, is this group of young folk at Amherst Park, Montreal. Bible study, handicrafts and illustrated talks on John Bunyan's immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," helped to make the hours edifying and enjoyable for all concerned. The Corps Officers are Captain F. Taboika and Lieutenant G. Jones

## Burma Jungle Experiences

### Salvationists Are Deeply Conscious of the Divine Presence

LIFE can be very thrilling out here in the jungle, in spite of the terrific heat and difficulties connected with running a Red Shield

Canteen far from civilization. One becomes deeply conscious of God's presence (writes Adjutant J. Ran).

Food must be rationed very carefully. Our two very excellent Indian pastry-cooks and two kitchen-boys bake practically all day, though you would laugh if you saw the oven. Two very helpful British lads have now been detailed to assist me.

Yesterday I started visiting outlying camps with a lorry loaded with urns of tea and cakes, etc.

The appreciation of the men was profuse, especially that of the Southern Indian lads, to whom I was able to converse in their mother tongue.

Talking to two tall Americans, I thanked God for the faithfulness of our Salvation Army Officers out East. One of them said, "I will never forget the sight of a Salvation Army Officer lady kneeling by a stretcher, soothing the brow and combing the hair of a wounded man whose limbs had been shattered and gangrene had set in." His companion said, "My dad told me I should find The Salvation Army up at the front, or in the forward areas, and here you are!"

To-day we have served many hundreds of cups of tea and sandwiches and cakes to men who have just come from the front, en route for home, or repatriation, and so happy, in spite of the terrific heat. Our hot tea made them perspire more, but they laughed and joked whilst the perspiration rolled down. Such brave fellows! Many of them were wearing decorations. How they respect The Salvation Army!

So often, the sight of Colonels lining up with Indian Sepoys, and Americans with West Africans, reminds me of the impartiality of the Kingdom of God. He looks down and sees, not an Englishman, not an Indian or American, not a Japanese prisoner, but one for whom He died.

To-night we held our first meeting. Some fourteen or fifteen men gathered, which was a good beginning. The boys sang and sang, and they would have continued had we allowed them.

Captain Riley, an English Officer, spoke, and I read the Scriptures. A Salvationist made himself known, and after the meeting Captain and I and this lad knelt on the Canteen floor and prayed.

## DOWN UNDER

NEW ZEALAND Servicemen Salvationists have an "Army whistle," by means of which they find other Salvationists in troopships, camps, etc. It is the opening of a march which used to be played by the old Federal Guards Band.

## CARING FOR THE CHILDREN



Home, Kingston, Ont., for more than three years a centre for The Army's Social Service Work among young children and infants, is meeting a real need in the vicinity of Ontario's Limestone City. The photograph shows the Territorial Commander paying a visit, with the Women's Social Service Secretary, Lieutenant Colonel H. Aldridge, and the group near the Home's attractive entrance.

## BAMBOO-WALLED CANTEEN

### Modern and Ancient Meet

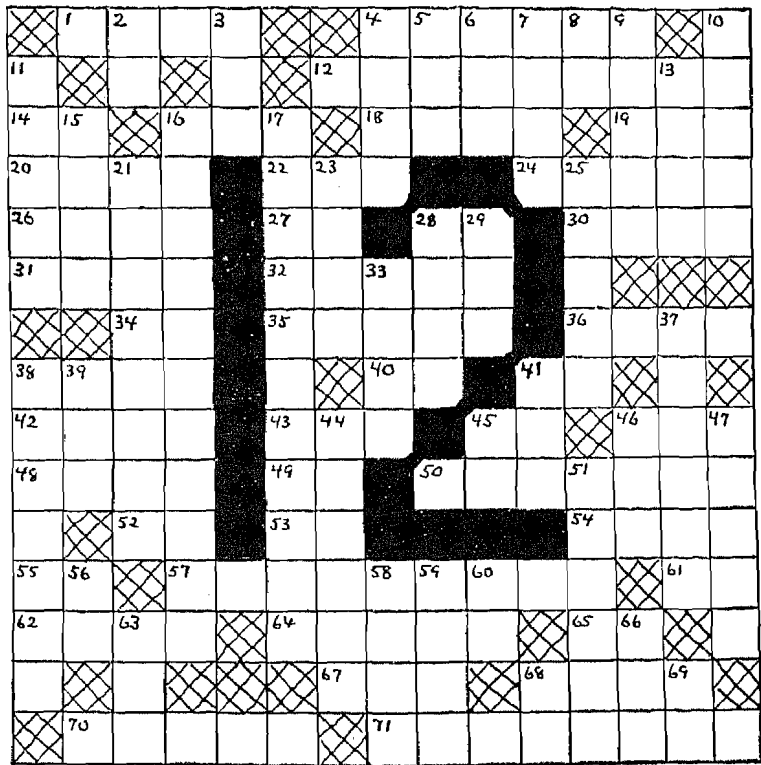
RED Shield Canteens in Eastern forward areas are being made of split bamboo walls with roofing of Indian grass tied fast with hemp.

Describing one of these, the Officer in charge states: "Surrounding us are cleared jungle tracts, but nearby hills are of dense jungle, mosquitos abound and a myriad variety of creeping and flying insects. Within a few yards of modern places and mechanism are the Indian agriculturalists, ploughing with oxen and planting by hand thousands of rice seedlings. We are less than 100 yards from the 'plane runway. Fires are all wood, and in the monsoons difficult circumstances arise; but it is amazing what we get through."

Matron, Major G. Jennings, also in the group near the Home's attractive entrance.

BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

SCRIPTURAL TEXTS: The Twelve Apostles



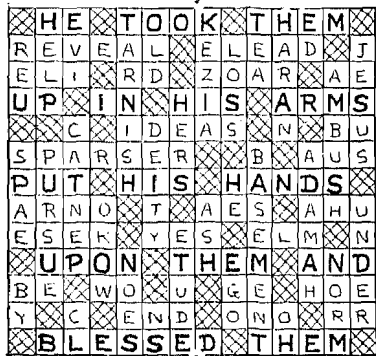
No. 25

"And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease."—Matt. 10:1.

HORIZONTAL

- 1 The one "whom Jesus loved"
- 4 The one who had to be shown
- 12 Musical instrument
- 14 Indian mulberry
- 16 Wager
- 18 Eldest son of Isaac
- 19 Silent
- 20 Mother
- 22 Town in Belgium; almost half
- 24 School (F.)
- 26 "Son, thou art . . . with me"
- 27 God in Hebrew names
- 28 Judah's firstborn. Gen. 38:7
- 30 "a people not strong" Prov. 30:25
- 31 Paving stone; test (anag.)
- 32 Students' hall
- 34 Exclamation
- 35 Rectify
- 36 Garment
- 38 A famous statue was found here
- 40 Football position
- 41 New England state
- 42 Seed covering
- 43 Beam
- 45 Negative
- 46 Fear
- 48 Language of Zambales; into (anag.)
- 49 One
- 50 "Jew first and also of the . . ."
- 52 Printer's measure
- 53 Measure of length
- 54 Discharge
- 55 " . . . every one that thirsteth"
- 57 Holly is one
- 61 Letter of Hebrew alphabet
- 62 Australian bird (var.)
- 64 " . . . the chancellor" Ezra 4:8
- 65 "as men should . . . to you"
- 67 "whose surname . . . Thaddaeus"
- 68 Fastened
- 70 The one who betrayed Jesus
- 71 This one had three names (var.)

ANSWER TO LAST PUZZLE



No. 24

VERTICAL

- 2 "He that loveth father . . . mother"
- 3 Born
- 4 Chinese weight
- 5 Measures of time
- 6 Suffix used in medical terms
- 7 Pout (F.)
- 8 Any
- 9 This one was a Canaanite
- 10 The first one to die for the faith
- 11 This one was son of Alphaeus
- 13 Worship
- 15 Wash
- 16 Another name for the one whom Jesus said had no guile
- 17 Another name for Judas (2 wds.)
- 21 A substitute for lubricants
- 23 Astringent
- 25 "thou shalt . . . men" Luke 5:10
- 28 Slave
- 29 "for the sky is . . ." Matt. 16:2
- 33 " . . . on the Lord" 2 Chron. 16:8
- 37 The one who said, "Come and see"
- 38 The one who was a taxgatherer
- 39 A Benjamite. 1 Chron. 7:7
- 41 Father of Joshua. 1 Chron. 7:27
- 44 One who "findeth his own brother"
- 45 Part of the United States
- 46 Edge
- 47 The impulsive one
- 51 What David did to the sheep
- 56 River of Siberia
- 58 Mountain pass (India)
- 59 "Can the . . . grow up" Job 8:11
- 60 Same as 52 across
- 63 French coin
- 66 " . . . no man any thing"
- 68 Northwestern state
- 69 Greek letter

Red Shield Women's Auxiliary

NOTES

THE work of the R.S.W.A. has not been given front page publicity in the newspapers, nor has the task been one of glamor or parade. The knitting of comforts for the men of the Services has meant consistent concentration, and the women of Canada have used every spare moment during the past six years.

In the larger cities and towns much of the work has been done by groups which have been able to meet together and share the enthusiasm. It should be recorded here, however, that a tremendous amount of work has been done in small, isolated areas—miles from a railway station, and in some cases, miles from the next homestead, with the only incentive being the urgent need.

We would like to pay tribute to the faithfulness and devotion of individuals who have carried on without the encouragement of a president, a knitting or sewing convener, or the fellowship of other workers, but who have faithfully knitted and regularly mailed their contribution of work, all of which has helped to make our overseas shipments possible.

We pay special tribute to invalids who are bedfast, women crippled with arthritis, and shut-ins who have counted this service a real joy and have been happy to feel that they have had a part to play in the war program. Tribute is due to such persons as Mr. Mansfield of Toronto, who, since the very beginning of the war has used his car and spare time to deliver wool to shut-ins, collecting the finished work and bringing it back to the centre for shipment.

No medals will be handed to such "Great Hearts," but they can be assured that from the hearts of thousands of our "boys" comes a great big "Thank you."

It has been interesting to hear of

the pride with which many of our women members treasure the scribbled note from a boy who received a pair of socks, a sweater, a scarf, a helmet or a pair of mitts from them. The note sometimes is scribbled in pencil, but it contains a sentiment of gratitude which makes, for our members, the task so worth while.

Thousands of our boys are arriving home every week, and to hear their praise of the comforts provided by the R.S.W.A. is ample repayment for any sacrifice made.

We are indebted to many of the Women's Social Institutions for their part in this effort. To Miss Milne and her worthy assistants and the inmates of the Mercer Reformatory, Toronto, we pay special tribute. A marvellous work has been accomplished here, and with the slowing down of Soldiers' Comforts we are looking to Miss Milne and her workers to continue the knitting for the needy liberated peoples.

The Hospital Superintendents and their staffs have also done nobly. Extra pressure has been placed upon them, but they have still found time to do their part in the war effort.

**DITTY BAGS.**—We are anxious to keep this matter before you. May we suggest that if you can fill a few bags, but cannot supply the knitted comforts, please do so; but be sure to let us know when sending on the bags that the comforts are not included, also list the contents on the outside of the bag. As mentioned last week, the empty bags are at the Centre available for the asking. Send for yours to-day. May we repeat again, we would rather you fill three bags than half-fill six. Thank you for what you are going to do.

Blessings That Rebound

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

Eccles. 11:1.

THERE is in life what may be called the principle of the rebound. Things come back to us. We have seen a boy throw a ball against a barn and catch it on its return. "Give and it shall be given unto you . . . With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." While we work on things, things react and work on us. When we devote ourselves to causes, causes devote themselves to us. Bread cast upon the waters one day comes back to us. No good thing is ever finally lost.

If this be true, then we dare take great risks with life for noble causes. The trouble with many Christians is that they are afraid to be real Christians. They are afraid to let the Spirit of Christ run its full course in their lives. Being a genuine Christian is costly. But if bread cast upon the waters returns to us, we need no longer be afraid.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Well, find it or not, what is there left for us to do when great and noble causes are waiting to be served?

From each little storehouse,  
from each heart and home,  
From rich heaps of plenty more  
and more shall come;  
Love for help is seeking, knocking  
at each door,  
All the world with gladness  
giving more and more.

Kindly Hearts

IN every place where grass can grow

The grass is green.  
The lilies bloom, the roses glow  
On every scene.  
The sky is blue, the dawn is fair,  
The twilight still,  
And hearts are kindly everywhere,  
Go where you will.

Too, love is love in every place,  
And everyone  
Finds sweet contentment in its  
grace  
'Neath every sun.  
The human struggle is the same,  
Hope and despair;  
But kindly hearts, whate'er their  
name,  
Are everywhere.

Unknown.

LIVING RELATIONSHIP

An Experience Versus a Code

BEING a Christian is not merely the acceptance of a code of morals. It involves also living relationship with Jesus Christ. We do not achieve goodness simply by our own effort. "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." To have His life flowing freely into our lives is to bear the fruit of the Spirit: "Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

HAVE YOU REMEMBERED THE SALVATION ARMY IN YOUR WILL?

SINCE the year 1865 The Salvation Army has demonstrated its effectiveness in dealing with human problems, distress and maladjustments, through its varied and highly-organized network of character-building activities.

The Salvation Army is legally competent to accept bequests. Upon request, information or advice will be furnished by:

Commissioner B. Orames,  
Territorial Commander,  
20 Albert Street,  
Toronto, Ontario,  
Canada

# The Women's Page

## The LEGEND of the SHADOW

He was Content to be Forgotten

**M**ANY years ago, says an ancient legend, there dwelt among the rude, uncultured people of his time a man whose saintly life cast a glow over the sombre age in which he lived. He moved in and out amongst the people, always engaged in one of two tasks which filled his life. He either gave or forgave. So good was he that the angels were astonished at his life, and wishing to bestow upon him some mark of their esteem, they asked God if this saint could be given some special gift, which he should choose himself. This request of the angels was granted willingly, so one day they descended to earth.

"Would you like to have the touch of healing, so that you could cure all sickness?" they asked the man who was to be so Divinely favored.

"No!" he replied, "I would rather God should do that."

"Would you like to become a model soul and bring back wandering hearts to the Master?" they queried again.

"No!" said the saint again. "For that is the mission of the angels."

"Should you like to become a model of patience and integrity, a very God - patterned man who would be to all the great example?" they further asked, not willing that the favor granted by God should not be used.

"No!" replied the saintly man again, "for men would then become attached to me and lose their love for God."

"What then do you wish for?" asked the angels in despair.

"What could I wish for?" rejoined the godly man, "but the grace of God to help me in my work?"

The angels were not satisfied. "You must ask for a miracle," they said, "or one will be forced upon you!"

"Very good!" cried the saint. "Grant that I may be made a mighty blessing to men without ever knowing it!"

Greatly perplexed were the Heavenly messengers and not a little disturbed to think that such a good man should refuse a special favor from God. They talked long over the apparent futility of their plans and then found a solution in so arranging that every time the shadow of the saint fell upon the sick or lame, they should be healed, without his knowledge.

And so it came to pass. Up and down the world this good man moved, carrying with him a stream of healing. Wherever his shadow fell, withered grass grew fresh and green, parched-up brooks began to murmur merrily, blighted trees and flowers revived and cast around a sweeter fragrance than they had ever done before. Little lame children began to leap with the vigor of infancy, bowed men became erect, ailing women blossomed again into the full flower of womanhood.

But the saint still went about his daily life, knowing nothing of the stream of joy which followed him, for the people were afraid to tell him of the miracles his shadow wrought. Presently they began to forget him as a man, and thought of nothing but that which followed him. They called him "The Holy Shadow."

It is probable that this beautiful old-world legend is but a poetic expression of the Christian ideal of self-forgetfulness. Nothing on earth is more distasteful to us than a totally selfish man or woman; nothing more winsome than one who forgets himself or herself so much as even to be ignorant of the good they are doing. There are some fine characters whose mighty achievements we much admire, but the weakness of loving praise seems to

throw a shadow over their bright deeds.

Humility is always a precious virtue in the eyes of men. It is doubly precious in the eyes of God. For humility in His service is adopting one's rightful place. No matter how proficient one may be in the use of the means, He is the primal cause and the end of all our service. Without the Spirit of God our mightiest efforts would be futile.

Could we not become so engrossed in our ministries that the people whom we move amongst forget the individual in admiration for our good works? No excellent human thing is without its dangers and drawbacks. There is in the uniform, the publicity, and the methods of The Army, much to encourage the love of display, of service, for the sake of being seen, or zeal

for the sake of human praise. How many of us would serve as loyally and wholeheartedly as we do today, if no one ever saw us and we never saw any results for our labors? Some, we fear, would soon grow weary of the drabness and loneliness of such service, if hearts were not altogether centred upon God and the needs of the people.

Yet this is the ideal which Christ has set up for us. There is no mention of human praise as the reward for good works in the words of the Master. He did not receive it Himself, and would not have acknowledged it had He done so.

Let us keep in mind the legend of the "Holy Shadow," and seek to do good without having it known. Real service can only come from those who have learned the true meaning of self-denial.—A.J.G.

## I Clean My House

**T**O-DAY I cleaned my house of all  
The dust of yesteryears;  
I swept away unwanted things,  
Including every foolish fear;  
I scrubbed the beauty of the past  
Until it seemed to glow,  
And polished up the friendships fond  
I found so long ago.  
I brushed aside the cobwebs  
From the corner of my soul.  
To see if I could still behold  
The outline of my goal.  
I used the mop of honesty  
Upon the floor of time  
To wash away hypocrisy,  
And everything of grime;  
And when I'd finished with my work,  
Each room was spic and span,  
And I had cleaned my house as well  
As anybody can.

JAMES METCALF,  
Chicago War Cry.



**A**NOTHER giver-of-self, working not for praise, but for the welfare of children of women who must work out every day, Mrs. Franklin has two children of her own, a boy of twelve and a blind girl of eleven. Her only help is her husband who can give some time after work. Fortunately he is fond of children. Here one of the little girls is polishing a trophy, for their foster mother usually manages to turn her "family" into prize-winners

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

### Making Hard Water Soft

**H**ARDNESS in water arises from the presence of mineral salts, usually magnesium or calcium, with the degree of "hardness" varying according to locality. The remedy for this "hardness" lies in a substance called "zeolite," which has such an affinity for calcium and magnesium that, if the hard water is passed through a tank which is filled with zeolite, the salts remain in the tank, and the water which issues from it is soft instead of hard. For domestic use, two tanks are used, one with

the zeolite, and one with salt and brine which is used to flush the zeolite tank whenever necessary. This flushing with salt water will so regenerate the zeolite tank that it can be used indefinitely.

### Unwrinkled and Fluffy

**C**ORDUOYS will stay unwrinkled and fluffy after many wearings if they are hung dripping wet on hangers after washing. Never, never wring them out. Stretch gently into shape while wet; press very lightly on the wrong side when almost dry; raise nap by brushing on the right side when dry.



## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

## PROMOTIONS—

To be Adjutant:  
Captain John Dougall,  
Captain Myrtle Frlzell,  
Captain Elizabeth Owen.

## APPOINTMENTS—

Major Arthur Brewer: Montreal Eventide Home.  
Major George Luxton: Bonnie Doon Eventide Home.  
Major Arthur Medler: War Services (Peterborough Centre).  
Major Cyril Smith: North Toronto (pro tem).  
Major Doris Thompson: Yarrowick Home, Bermuda.  
Adjutant Isabel Donaghey: Women's Receiving Home, Edmonton.  
Adjutant Ivan Halsey: Edmonton Citadel.  
Adjutant Iris Smith: Vancouver Heights.  
Captain Stella Hudson: The Anchorage, St. John's, Newfoundland.  
Lieutenant Mabel Falconer: Kingston Hedgewood Home.  
Lieutenant Evelyn Nunn: Perth.

## RETIREMENTS FROM ACTIVE SERVICE—

Brigadier Wallace White, out from Hamilton, Bermuda, in 1902. Mrs. White (nee Christina March), out from St. John's, in 1900. Last appointment, Superintendent Toronto Industrial Department. On June 26, 1945.  
Major William Hillier, out from Dildo, Newfoundland, in 1908. Mrs. Hillier (nee Nellie Stafford), out from St. John's I, in 1905. Last appointment, Glace Bay Nova Scotia. On July 9, 1945.

## PROMOTED TO GLORY—

Commandant Selina Morgan (R), out of St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1901. From St. John's, on July 10, 1945.  
Adjutant John Hart (R), out of Earls Barton, England, 1894. From Hamilton, on Sunday, July 22, 1945.

BENJAMIN ORAMES,  
Commissioner.

## COMING EVENTS

## COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES

JACKSON'S POINT CAMP: Sun Aug 26 (Music Camp); Sun Sept 2 (Fellowship Camp).

PETERBOROUGH TEMPLE: Sun Sept 9

## THE FIELD SECRETARY

(Lieut.-Colonel G. Best)  
Fredericton, N.B.: Sat-Mon Sept 1-3

Colonel G. Miller (R): East Toronto, Sun Aug 12

Colonel J. Tyndall: Woodbine, Sun Aug 19

Brigadier E. Waterston: Dovercourt, Sun Aug 5

Major L. Bursey: Wychwood, Sun Aug 12

Major A. Calvert: Lisgar Street, Sun Aug 19

Major B. Dumerton: Wychwood, Sun Aug 26

Major H. Rix: Toronto Temple, Sun Aug 12

Major C. Chapman: Fairbank, Sun Aug 12

Major C. Godden: Earls Court, Sun Aug 12 (p.m.)

Major H. Corbett: Riverdale, Sun Aug 12

## PACIFIC COAST WELCOME

## Incoming Divisional Leaders Greeted at Vancouver

At a united gathering in Vancouver Citadel a cordial welcome was extended to Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. Keith the new Divisional leaders, and Major and Mrs. Carswell, of the Public Relations Department.

The Divisional Young People's Secretary, Major W. Mercer, presided over the well-arranged meeting, in which many representative speakers assured the incoming leaders of wholehearted and loyal co-operation.

The music of massed Bands and the soulful singing of the massed Songsters were stirring features of the meetings.

Major Carswell expressed his delight at the manifestation of Army spirit at the Pacific Coast, also giving a stirring testimony.

Mrs. Keith's warm personality and kindly remarks to the women comrades won her an immediate place in the hearts of Vancouver Salvationists. "I come to you as a comrade to help, to work, to bless, and by God's guidance to lead you to greater victories in the Master's service," was the keynote of an inspiring message by the new Divisional Commander.

Major Mercer referred to the Colonel's practical interest and long experience in Young People's work, and the inspirational gathering concluded with the song, "A charge to keep I have."—H.B.

## Stirring Mercy-Seat Victories

## The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Layman Lead Rousing Battle for Souls at Downtown Toronto Corps

THE first public meeting conducted in the Canadian Territory by Colonel A. Layman since his recent installation as Chief Secretary, was a rousing Salvation "battle for souls" at Parliament Street Corps, Toronto, a downtown centre of Salvationism located in an area greatly needing its ministry.

With the Chief Secretary and taking part in the stirring gathering were Mrs. Layman and the Territorial Prison and Police Court Secretary and Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel W. Bunton.

There were many features of the meeting which made it memorable—whole-souled, rafter-raising singing of old-time songs and choruses, and glowing testimonies from men who in recent weeks have been gloriously delivered from the slavery of drink, and from others who

have been travelling the Salvation highway for many years.

A soulful solo by Mrs. Bunton preceded the Chief Secretary's direct and enheartening message. The miraculous healing and saving power of Christ was described in terms of unmistakable clarity. Moving Mercy-Seat scenes crowned the vigorous meetings, and in all twenty-one seekers knelt at the Penitent-Form, among them a number who sought victory over the drink habit. One man, responding to an invitation to be present at the meeting, confessed that it was the first time in forty years he had been inside the House of God.

Comrades of the Corps, with the Officers, Captain V. Greenwood and Pro-Lieutenant W. Leslie, cordially welcomed the new leaders and rejoiced in the impressive victories.

## Joining the Ranks of Valiant Veterans

## Brigadier and Mrs. Wallace White and Major and Mrs. Wm. Hillier Enter the Ranks of the Honorably Retired

JUST about the turn of the century a young clerk left his employment in Hamilton, Bermuda, to enter the Central Training Home in Toronto and begin his life's work as a Salvation Army Officer. Now, with the announcement of his retirement from active Officership, Brigadier Wallace White, of the Industrial Centre, Toronto, can look back over almost forty-five years of varied and useful effort for the Kingdom of God in the ranks of The Army.

Following commissioning in 1901, Pro-Lieutenant White proceeded to the Maritimes where, at Digby, Truro and Dartmouth he learned the joys of Field work. Special work in the Maritimes followed, and appointments as cashier at Provincial Headquarters in Saint John, N.B., at the Montreal Metropole added to the young Officer's experience. In 1909 he was married to Ensign Christian March, who entered the Work from Saint John, N.B., training at Yarmouth, N.S., and who, prior to marriage, successfully commanded a number of Maritime Corps.

The Brigadier was next appointed to Social Work in St. John's Nfld., returning to Saint John, N.B., to carry through the first Red Shield drive to a successful finish. Men's Social Work again claimed his attention, appointments including Toronto and Hamilton, and latterly as Superintendent of the Toronto Industrial Centre.

Brigadier and Mrs. White, who have been well-known as indefatigable workers, tireless in their efforts to fulfil their duties faithfully and well, will have the prayers and best wishes of all their comrades.

THIRTY-SEVEN years of tireless and devoted service to God in The Army is marked by the retirement from active Officership of Major Wm. Hillier, last stationed at Glace Bay, N.S. Major Hillier, with Mrs. Hillier, who has been his constant support and inspiration since their marriage in 1913, thus joins that honored company of veteran Salvation Army Officers whose load of responsibility is somewhat lightened, but whose interest in the Kingdom is undiminished.

Major Hillier entered the Work from Dildo, Nfld., training at the St. John's Training Home in 1908, in which year also he was promoted to the rank of Pro-Lieutenant and appointed to Too Cove. Numerous appointments in the sea-girt Isle followed, and in 1923 Major and Mrs. Hillier were transferred to Canada, serving at New Waterford, Whitney Pier, Truro, Lippincott, Yorkville, Sault Ste. Marie I, Timmins, Ingersoll, Bowmanville, Hamilton II and Glace Bay.

Mrs. Hillier (nee Captain Nellie Stafford) became an Officer from St. John's I, and previous to her marriage served capably at a number of Newfoundland Corps.

Salvationists and friends in Newfoundland and Canada who have had opportunity of observing at close range the true Salvationism, and deep concern for the spiritual welfare of the people exhibited by Major and Mrs. Hillier will pray that God's choicest blessing may be upon them, and that their remaining years of service may be crowned with the same joy and soul-winning success that brightened their years of active Officership.

## "A GREAT AND GRAND JOB"

(Continued from page 5)

section of the Colonel's headquarters in Toronto touching all branches of the film industry. This tremendous undertaking must also include the servicing of all motion picture equipment in use by the four auxiliary service organizations on the Continent, about 700 projectors in all.

A radio maintenance service for more than 5,000 receiving sets is also established, keeping constantly busy several hundred engineers and radio technicians at a large number of service depots scattered throughout Holland, Belgium and north-western Germany.

All this program on the Continent is ably directed by Senior Supervisor Gordon Thompson, formerly a clerk with the Canadian National Railways in Montreal, and a

good soldier of the Montreal Citadel Corps.

For the entertainment and housing of Canadian troops passing through Brussels, several extensive hostels and other facilities have been taken over by The Salvation Army. The Beaver Apartments form one very active centre. Here some thirty thousand men a month are served, over sixteen thousand of them with meals in the "Beaver Mess," a lunchroom closely resembling the popular "Honeydew" Coffee Shops of Canada, a real reminder of home, and seven thousand in another restaurant in the building.

One of the big establishments under Salvation Army direction in Brussels is what is known as the Blue Pool, a magnificent public



Major and Mrs. Victor Underhill, who left Canada ten years ago to pioneer Salvation Army work in Port Said, Egypt, are on homeland furlough from British Honduras where they have been in charge of the Pomona Boys' Home.

Major and Mrs. E. Eason, Gambo, Nfld., have received word that their eldest son, Granville, is reported missing. He enlisted in the R.A.F. five years ago, and after serving through the European war went to the Pacific front. Comrades will remember these Officers at the Throne of Grace in this hour of trial.

Captain Alex. Turnbull, Cobourg, Ont., was invited to conduct "Scouts' Own"—a devotional period—at the Blue Springs Reserve Camp during a recent Gilwell Course for Scout Leaders. Also attending the course was the Territorial Scout Organizer, Major Percy Alder.

swimming pool with snack bars, lunchroom, canteen, cleaning and pressing service, shoe shine, barber facilities and numerous other conveniences and services attached. This is one place that is definitely "tops" with boys coming back from the forward areas in Germany, for here they cannot only get a complete physical transformation but are issued, by Canadian Army quartermasters, complete new outfits from underwear to insignia.

Beaver House is another leave centre with just about everything the boys coming back from the front-line areas could want or need, and then there is the Nova Scotia House, the Beaver Annex and the Atlanta Palm Court, the latter catering to officer personnel and just about the last word in entertainment.

## Definitely "Tops"

In Paris, also visited by the Colonel, the Red Shield War Services took over a large hotel, one of the finest in Paris, where a Canadian Officers' Club is managed by Supervisor Paul Willison, a Salvation Army Soldier of Toronto, formerly in the insurance business. Supervisor Willison also has under his direction in Paris a smaller hotel, with accommodation for 350 persons per night, for the enlisted and non-commissioned personnel.

The Salvationists of France have suffered very much indeed, the Colonel informed us. While there he saw many of the French Officers who were assembling for a day's councils with General and Mrs. Carpenter. Many of them, he told us, had been in prison and concentration camps for as many as five years, and their uniforms, which they had carefully hidden or otherwise preserved, were practically all the clothing they possessed. Some of them, in fact, he said, did not even have underwear and were wearing their uniforms over their night clothes. But if they had nothing else they had their uniforms, and were proud of them.

Brussels, he said, is not too well off, but like the rest of Belgium it has not suffered as has Holland. The occupation of Holland has, he said, been an experience from which that brave little country will not recover for generations.

But even in Holland the Salvationists have maintained their identity in an underground manner and are now with their new-won freedom getting back to business pretty much as before, despite the fact that they are a poorer Army than ever since the beginning of the work in that country.



# But He Is a Leper!

By

LIEUT.-COLONEL JANET L. ALLAN,

Salvation Army Missionary Officer in India  
In The Victory

**F**OR a long time a company of Indian Salvationists had been suffering persecution from the police; the chief inspector in this particular quarter being especially vindictive.

One day, a group of Salvationists, watching from a Headquarters window, saw the inspector approaching, and wondered what trouble he would find pleasure in arousing. The little company, gathered in the room with the Scottish woman-Officer, though obviously afraid, were reassured by the Missionary, who fearlessly met the inspector at the door, and quietly, but firmly, inquired the nature of his business.

To her amazement he had come, not to persecute, but to plead. Could The Army do anything for his leper brother? He had brought him as far as the gate—hoping.

"Bring your brother inside," said the Officer. The inspector staggered at the invitation, gasped. "But he is a leper," he protested. "Bring him right inside," repeated the Salvationist, at the same time making provision for the afflicted man to rest. Within a minute or two the inspector, accompanied by his brother, was back in the room.

"Tell your brother to sit down," said the inspector.

"No! No!" pleaded the sick man, backing into a far corner, "I am a leper."

"We are not afraid," replied the Officer, a disarming smile lighting her face. He sensed the sincerity of her gesture, though it was far beyond his power of understanding, and, finding himself in a new and more wonderful relationship to fellow human beings, the tears began to start from his tired eyes. He accepted the invitation.

For awhile the Missionary talked understandingly; then, with sympathy

thetic tenderness, she prayed with the two brothers, who by this time were overcome with the great lessons taught by the occasion.

The Officer assured the man that he would be received into the care of The Army's Leper Colony at Travancore, and soon after this he was enjoying the peaceful atmosphere surrounding the Salvationists' centre, finding restful satis-

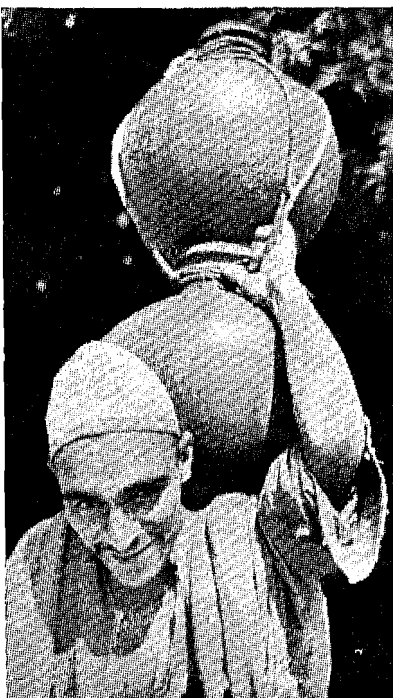
stirred his heart, but he saw more than the outward manifestation of love-service; he saw, with the inner vision of his soul, a motive power; something Divine, and in the travail of mind-conflict, between darkness and light, desire to know God was born.

One day he sought out the Officer, and hesitatingly inquired, "Could I be one of your people?" He was

## INDIAN STREET SCENES



Woman street-sweeper



The water-carrier

pointed to Christ, and immediately his face began to glow with a radiance which ever since has been characteristic of his changed life. Only last Founder's Day, as he led The Army procession through the Colony, he was singing, with Heaven-inspired earnestness, "So we'll lift up the Banner on high, The Salvation Banner of love!"

Oh, that Banner of love; it means so much to those lepers, some of whom have not long to fight beneath its colors ere reaching the Home above.

A YOUNG girl Corps Cadet, whose life steadily opens up, like a developing flower, under The Army's care in India, was instrumental in winning her father, a member of the Criminal Settlement—it was opened and maintained by Salvationists—in which they lived, to Christianity. This fact, a great joy to the girl, had far-reaching consequences for the man. It meant severance from life-long customs; persecution from heathen people; opposition from the power of the Devil; but he was firm in his resolve. Presently, not long after his conversion, he fell sick, and soon it was evident that he would not recover.

When the girl had fully realized that her father was no more, she approached The Army Officer in charge of the Settlement; she wanted



to be assured that he would conduct a Christian burial service. The promise was readily made, and arrangements were set in hand to carry out the girl's wish. The task was not an easy one, however, and before many hours had passed, a complication had been established which made the possibility of an Army funeral remote.

The priest from a near-by temple took charge of the body, and, as is the custom among those people had set up their dismal chromatic howling. Shouts began to pierce the air; the heathen were calling for the presence of the Devil; soon all would be ready for their final ceremonial.

Hurrying along the road, clad neatly in a sari and other simple Salvation attire, came the young daughter, accompanied by the Officer. They arrived to find the place in a fiendish uproar; the fire ceremony was about to commence. The Officer hesitated to interfere; they had been too slow arriving; it appeared to be too late!

Suddenly the young Corps Cadet, unable to suppress her indignation any longer, sprang forward and challenged the priest, forbidding him, in the name of Christ, to carry on with his heathen practices.

To the amazement of the feverish crowd, the girl's action was fraught with power greater than that of the priest, who might have been expected to stir up the frenzy of the crowd and even bring about the girl's death. Instead, he stood still as one petrified, and he remained in awe-struck silence while the Officer and the girl, assisted by other Salvationists who appeared, removed the body.

How strange a transformation! A sad, but joyful, procession formed, and, with Flag flying and songs of holy triumph sounding, where brief minutes before terrifying yells had been heard, they moved away from the astonished onlookers, to give the departed convert a Christian burial, and to rejoice over a victorious encounter with the powers of darkness.



## He Thanks Thee Best

By Grace Noll Crowell

HE thanks Thee best who serves Thee best:

Who meets each glowing day  
With grateful heart and lifted face,  
To toil and rest and play.

He thanks Thee best who loves Thee best:

And loving, loves each one  
Who passes down the old highroad  
From sun to setting sun.

He thanks Thee best who trusts Thee best:

Whose faith shines through the dark,  
A helpful, happy, hopeful thing  
For way-tired hearts to mark.

He thanks Thee best who worships best:

Who stays where none may see;  
Who humbly waits to hear Thy voice—  
Who has no God but Thee.

faction in the meetings they held, and the Scripture stories they told.

The poor man watched these wonderful people performing with patience and tenderness their daily tasks; watched the only white Officer treating the ulcerations of the lepers; binding the disintegrating limbs. He watched when she wrapped the bodies of little children in clean material, and carried them away for burial. All that he saw

**Incidents of Army  
Missionary Endeavor**

## :: In the Eternal Summerland ::



Salvation Warriors Exchange the Cross for the Crown  
and Enter Into the Joys of Their Lord

### BROTHER R. CHAPPELL

Pilley's Island, Nfld.  
There recently passed to his Eternal Reward from the Pilley's Island, Nfld., Corps (Major and Mrs. C. V. Patey) Brother Reuben Chappell. He was one of the most experienced fishing captains in this part of the country, and had sailed to the Labrador for more than thirty years.

During the last few years of his life he was a Soldier of The Salvation Army trying earnestly by prayer, testimony and a consistent life to lead others to Christ. The last six months of his life were lived in daily physical agony, but he was never known to complain. In his pain he would pray and commit himself to the mercy of God.

His end was a victorious one.

### SISTER MRS. A. THOMAS

Galt, Ont.  
Promotion to Glory came suddenly for Sister Mrs. Arthur Thomas after a long and faithful career as a Salvation Army Soldier. She had been a Salvationist for thirty-four years, coming to Galt from Southend-on-Sea, England.

This comrade was of a retiring disposition, but greatly beloved by all, and her softly-given witness for her Master will be greatly missed. She had been a great support to her semi-invalid husband, Bandsman A. Thomas.

The funeral service and memorial meeting was conducted by the Corps Officer, Major L. Ede. At the funeral service Mrs. Major Dockeray sang a favorite song of the promoted comrade.

### We Miss You!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend and, so far as is possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with enquiry to help defray expenses.

Address all communications to the Men's Social Service Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 1, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

FLOCKHART, Robert Clarence ("Clarie"). — Aged 62. Height 5 ft. 8 ins.; brown eyes. Last known to be in Halifax. Sister anxious to locate. M5901

GILLIES, David Stewart.—Thought to be single. Aged about 66; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; grey hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Born at Spry, Ont. Pleasant mannered. Not heard from since 1940. Was seen at Chatsworth in the summer of 1943. Wanted in connection with an estate. Brother inquiring. M5812

HULINA, Paul E.—Height 5 ft. 8 ins.; fair hair; eyes blue. Stout built; has diamond scar on wrist. Last seen in Delhi, Ont., about April 15, 1939. Brother inquiring. M5843

PARSON, Joseph.—Born in Estonia in 1875. Last known address was Saddle - horse Farm, Hod-Ward, Canada. Is an author. Nephew in Old Land inquiring. M5915

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S TREASURER MRS. A. SHEPHERD

London Citadel, Ont.  
A faithful and devoted Soldier of the Cross, Young People's Treasurer Mrs. A. Shepherd was promoted to Glory recently from London, Ont.

The promoted comrade was highly regarded for her splendid Christian character and work for the Kingdom. She was for many years an active League of Mercy worker, and was the Young People's Treasurer of the London Citadel Corps for twenty-five years.

The funeral service was conducted by the Corps Officer, Major T. Ellwood, who paid tribute to the life and work of the promoted warrior. Bandsman J. Davis brought blessing and comfort with a message in song.

### SISTER MRS. R. HASKELL

Galt, Ont.  
Death paid a second swift visit to the Galt, Ont., Corps recently, and took Sister Mrs. Ruby Haskell, widow of the late Bandsman Louis Haskell.

This comrade was a valued member of the Home League, and her presence there will be greatly missed.

The funeral service was conducted by the Corps Officer, Major L. Ede. Mrs. Major MacMillan sang and assisted at the graveside.

### BANDSMAN D. BOYNTON

Niagara Falls, N.Y.  
After a lengthy illness the call to Higher Service came to Bandsman David Boynton, of Niagara Falls, N.Y.

For a number of years the promoted comrade was Bandmaster of a Toronto Salvation Army Band, and up until the time of his illness was an active Bandsman at Niagara Falls.

During seven years of severe suffering Bandsman Boynton displayed a spirit of fortitude, and maintained a passion for souls to the end.

The funeral service was conducted by Captain Jas. Amos, of Thorold, Ont.

### BEATING THE BLACK FLIES

Burwash Prison Farm, Ont. (Major and Mrs. Everitt.) Company meeting children of staff members at Burwash Farm intended to enjoy a happy picnic, but because of black flies and other insects, the group gathered in the big auditorium where everything was arranged to simulate an outdoor picnic.

Picnic tables and plates were the real thing; games, sports and races were arranged by Major Everitt. Best of all, the blackflies were foiled.

A bounteous supper was enjoyed, Mrs. Everitt being ably assisted by some of the mothers.

## Ottawans Say Welcome

Incoming Divisional Leaders Warmly Welcomed in the Federal Capital

### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER "Fidelity" Session Officers Reassemble at Earls Court

Several Officers commissioned in 1920, part of the "Fidelity" Session, took part in meetings at Earls Court, Toronto (Major and Mrs. C. Eacott) recently. These included Majors Ethel Hart, Lorraine Johnson, Herbert Payton, and Clinton Eacott. Brigadier Annie Fairhurst who was on the Training Staff led the morning meeting. At night Bandsman Bertram Davis and the Rev. Leonard Sparkes also participated. Messages were read from others of the Session, including Majors Rose Schmidt, Carrie Bailey, Lillian Clarke, Mrs. Stanley Williams, Mrs. Job Wells, Henrietta Lewis, Reg. Tidman, Fred Bowers, Thomas Hobbins, Mr. Roy Langford, and one of the sergeants, Major Florence Oxley.

Those who have served on the mission field include Mrs. Major A. Long, India; Major Kenneth Barr, Japan; Major Fred Bowers, West Africa; Major Clinton Eacott, China; and Leonard Sparkes, Burma.

There are still a few of the Session whose present whereabouts are unknown, and should they see this report they are requested to write Major Eacott for a souvenir prepared for this anniversary.

The Capital City of Ottawa extended hospitality during a recent week-end to Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. M. Junker, newly-appointed Divisional leaders of the Montreal-Ottawa Division.

The series of welcome meetings opened with a United Rally of City Corps at the No. III Citadel on Saturday evening. The new leaders were presented by Major Purdy, the Corps Officer, and the greetings of Local Officers and Salvationists were voiced by Corps Sergeant-Major F. Simpson.

Music was supplied by the united Bands and the No. I Citadel Male Voice Party. The Divisional leaders made a marked impression by their sincere words.

The Divisional leaders conducted the Holiness meeting on Sunday morning at the No. II Citadel and were introduced by Major Nesbitt, the Corps Officer. Sunday afternoon was spent in a city-wide tour of various Company meetings, cheering and inspiring the Young People and their Workers.

Sunday evening at the Ottawa Citadel Corps the new leaders renewed acquaintance with the Corps Officers, Major and Mrs. A. Martin, who presented the visitors to the large congregation. Lieut. - Colonel and Mrs. Geo. Smith (R) were on the platform to support their old comrades. Both leaders made a good impression on the people, and the Divisional Commander gave a forceful Bible address dealing with the choices made in life. The Citadel Band and Male voices supplied music.

### THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Proclaimed by Salvationist-Nurses at Windsor

Windsor Citadel, Ont. (Major and Mrs. J. Bond). Major Christian Chapman and young Salvationist-nurses of Grace Hospital (Brigadier A. Brett) were responsible for a recent Sunday night meeting, assisted by Officers attached to the Hospital. Each nurse gave her personal testimony, Captain M. Lydall and Student - Nurse B. Beare sang an effective duet, and Major Chapman gave the Bible lesson. Brigadier Brett closed the profitable meeting with prayer.

On the following Sunday Major E. Eacott, of Faith Haven, with Lieutenants Waterston and MacTavish were in charge of the Salvation meeting. An interested crowd gathered, and special singing was greatly enjoyed. Major Grace Keeling sang an appropriate solo, the Lieutenants spoke effectively, and Young People's Sergeant-Major C. Rawlings offered prayer for the boys of the Corps on active service. Major Eacott's message dealt with the relationship of the individual to Christ. Brigadier A. Brett also participated in the meeting.

## Acquaint yourself with Salvation Army Biographies

We have received a further shipment of

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20 Albert Street

Toronto 1, Ont.



By

Major Christine  
E. McMillan

# The Spirit Giveth Life

**W**HATEVER the reason, I have been thinking all day to-day of rivers of water. I think I started thinking about it while we were crossing the desert. All day long the view consisted only of sand cactus, the oddly distorted Joshua trees, dried and withered brush and rocks and boulders—and of course the distant hills which changed color with every hour of the day.

Once we came to what we thought was a great lake, golden in the brilliant sunlight. Nearer, we discovered that it was really a vast expanse of desert—sand and sand and more sand. On its far borders we could see a beautiful lake. The white cliffs which rose up from its farther shore, were reflected gracefully in the blue, placid waters, as were the trees and white houses of the community. To the left was a church spire, surrounded by tall trees in full leafage. What an oasis, we thought, in the midst of this arid desert! But somehow or other we never seemed to catch up with this cool loveliness. Even as we approached, it retreated with the horizon, until finally we had to admit that we had been fooled by that phantom which has lured so many on to their death—a mirage.

But one of the surprises which was not a mirage, was the way there would suddenly flash into view a little clump of brilliant green. Here some small spring had come near to the surface, and bush and shrub and grass had crowded together, thrusting down their thirsty roots to the precious life-giving water. Now and then we passed a fairly large acreage under irrigation and the desert literally blossomed as the rose.

## Ever-available Waters

Living water! We who live in a plentifully watered country have no conception of what water means to a desert country. Now I know why there are so many references to water in the Bible; I know why it was so miraculous when Moses found the hidden springs in the rock; I know why Jesus spoke of living waters, ever available, in the heart.

If Jesus came to New York or Chicago or San Francisco, He would not tell the people about living water. He would know how little it would mean to them. But if He came to New Mexico, for instance, the people would know at once what He meant. They would know what just one heavy downpour means in a dry and thirsty land. It would be simple then to tell them what living water in the heart would do to the arid wastes of the human spirit.

Do you remember St. Paul saying somewhere that "the Spirit giveth life?" The spirit in the human heart is like the water in the desert. Without it — dreary prospects, dried-up potentialities, unfruitfulness and death itself. But where the Spirit is found, there is vigor and radiance and health and life abounding.

We learn quickly to recognize the presence of this life-giving Spirit

## BRICKS OF BLESSING

If I can only place a little brick in the pavement of the Lord's pathway, I will place it there, that coming generations may walk thereon to the Heavenly City.

Phillips Brooks.

both in people and reflected in the work they do.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine people are working along pretty much the same lines, following more or less the same sort of program. Along comes the thousandth man or woman and somehow, everything they touch becomes full of charm and light and blessing. Nine hundred and ninety-nine can tell you little interesting about their work—but this thousandth man can't stop telling you! Nine hundred and ninety-nine deplore the lack of opportunity — this thousandth man wishes frantically that he had a hundred hands and a forty-eight hour day in order that he might keep up with his opportunities. Nine hundred and ninety-nine have such difficulty keeping the peace with their fellow-workers and neighbors, but this thousandth man — and woman too, of course — think that the people they work for, and who work for them, are the finest lot of people under the sun, and they don't know why they are so blest. Nine hundred and ninety-nine people are existing—working at a job—waiting for life to suddenly become green and beautiful and blessed for them. But the thousandth man is like a watered garden, blooming with every gift and grace of the spirit, for where the spirit is, there is life—eternal life forever in the heart.

*Thee let me drink, and thirst no more*

## THIS IS VICTORY

"Now thanks be unto that God Who always leads us forth to triumph with the Anointed One, and Who diffuses by us the fragrance of the knowledge of Him in every place."—2 Cor. 2:14 (Literal Trans.)

**W**HEN you are forgotten or neglected, or purposely set at naught and you smile inwardly, glorying in the insult or the oversight, because thereby counted worthy to suffer with Christ—that is Victory.

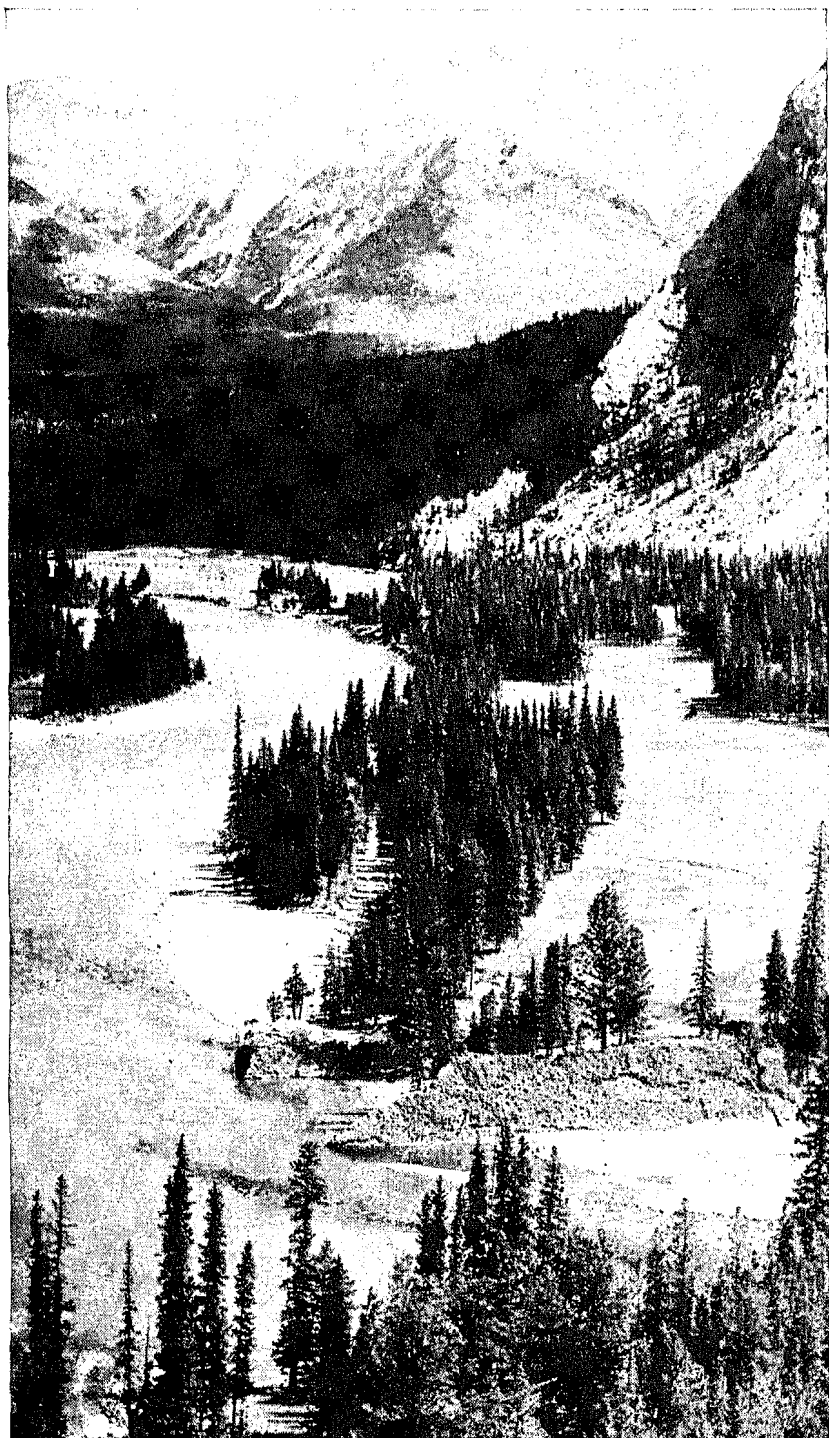
When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence—that is Victory.

When you can lovingly and patiently deal with any disorder, any irregularity, any unpunctuality, or any annoyance—that is Victory.

When, like Paul, you can throw all your suffering on Jesus, thus converting it into a means of knowing His overcoming grace, and can say from a surrendered heart, "most gladly," therefore, do, "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecution, in distresses, for Christ's sake" — that is Victory. 2 Corinthians 12:7-10.

When death and life are both alike to you through Christ, and to do His perfect will, you delight not more in one than the other—that is Victory; for through Him you may become able to say, "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death."—Philippians 1:20; 1 Corinthians 15:54.

Reprinted at the request of Mrs. Major Innes, Victoria, B.C.



*Even as a river flowing,  
Onward to its native sea,  
Blessings from the Lord bestowing,  
Cometh Heaven's peace to me.*

*Passing mortal understanding,  
Unto worldlings never known,  
Yet for all the race expanding,  
Gift of God unto His own.*

*For drops of fleeting happiness;  
Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,  
In streams of pure unfailing peace,  
In joy that none can take away,  
In life which shall forever stay.  
(Salvation Army Song Book, 430)*

## SYLVAN SOUNDS IN THE CITY

**O**NE evening the B.B.C. transmitted from the Surrey woods the sound of singing birds. Hence it was possible to hear, in the heart of black, toiling London city, sylvan sounds, the music of the country was brought to the town. Just so in a world of care and weakness and sorrow and sin does the Holy Spirit minister the cheer and joy, the salvation and power of Heaven. We may be channels through which He may flow to reach other lives. Let us see to it that we are not choked channels.

H. Pimm Smith, Brigadier (R).

## IF DONE FOR LOVE

**I**T makes no difference who sang the song,  
If only the song was sung;  
It makes no difference who did the deed,  
Be they old in years or young;  
If the song was sweet and helped a soul,  
What matters the singer's name?  
The worth was in the song itself,  
And not in the world's acclaim.  
The song and the deed are one  
If each be done for love;  
Love of the work, not love of self,  
And the "score" is kept above!

## Campaign Cameos

(Continued from page 3)

Hall the next night an hour before the meeting? Yes, he could.

Would the Corps Officer allow us to use his office for an interview? He most certainly would. Would the Songster (still anxiously hovering in the background) make the interview a matter of special prayer? Yes, indeed.

And so the battlelines were set, the objective being an immortal soul.

As we waited in the Citadel office the next evening, conscious of the fact that an hour of destiny was nigh, we sought wisdom and guidance at the great Source of help. We felt again the responsibility of our calling.

Soldier-like, he was punctual. We began at the beginning: Man's sin; God's justice demanding punishment for the outraged law; the condescension of Christ; His sacrifice and the offered mercy of God.

The soldier admitted he was a sinner; that fact, he said, was obvious. He knew that Jesus died; that fact was historical.

Now we asked him, would he bring the two facts together—that Jesus died for him and that he was a sinner. A few pointed queries were put, then, without urging, he dropped on his knees.

### The Light Broke

For a few moments no sound was heard, save the prayer of the Corps Officer, and the tears coursed down the lad's cheeks unchecked; then like sunrise breaking over a troubled sea, the light broke, and the new convert breathed in wonder and awe, "I've got it!"

In the meeting that night he publicly owned his Lord at the Mercy-Seat. Then, the meeting over, he rather shyly asked where he could "get hold of a 'phone." "You see," he said, "I want to tell them at home." And that is why, the next Sunday, the whole family used their carefully-hoarded gasoline coupons to drive to camp to visit their soldier-son.

And, yes, you are right, they all came with him later to "The Army."

## Wouldn't You?

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;  
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely tell the way.  
And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds,  
For to see good put in action is what everybody needs.

Edgar Guest.

## Songs That Cheer



## And Bless

"My heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise Him."  
Psa. 28:7.

## OH, HAPPY DAY

Tune: "Beulah Land"

O H, happy day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!  
He taught me how to watch and pray  
And live rejoicing every day.  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

Oh, happy bond that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful praises fill His house,  
While to His blessed Throne I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
I am my Lord's and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possest.

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

## IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

Tune: "St. Oswald"

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the Cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the Cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the Cross are sanctified;  
Peace there is that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story,  
Gathers round its head sublime.

## ALL AROUND ME

### A Tuneful Soliloquy for Vacationists

Words and Music by Brigadier W. Broughton



## " In Antwerp, Succor Comes On Wheels "



THE CANTEEN SPELLS COMFORT.—Street scene in Antwerp, Belgium, shows a Salvation Army Mobile Canteen, of which several are operating in needy Europe, dispensing urgently required food and comforts

## SAVIOUR, MORE THAN LIFE TO ME

IF Fanny Crosby, the blind hymnist, had not had a circle of friendly, interested composers ready to set her poems to music as fast as she produced them, the world might have missed the beauty and blessing of many of her Gospel songs.

William Bradbury wrote an appealing tune for her first hymn, in 1864:

"We are going, we are going  
To a home beyond the skies,  
Where the fields are robed in beauty,  
And the sunlight never dies;  
Where the fount of life is flowing  
In the valley green and fair,  
We shall dwell in love together;  
There shall be no parting there."

Four years later, William H. Doane composed music for "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour," the song which first carried her name around the globe. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp fashioned song-wings for "Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine," another favorite. And so it went along. Sometimes, the hymn tunes came



first. More than once the blind singer received a musical score from one of her composer-friends, with a note asking her to write a suitable hymn-poem.

Her popular Gospel song, "Saviour, More Than Life To Me," was inspired by such a request. Mr. Doane sent her a tune one day in 1874 and asked her to write some verses for it, to bear the title, "Every Day And Hour." She set to work and soon was dictating line after line to a friend. Mr. Doane was delighted with the completed hymn-poem, and the author herself once said of it:

"This hymn has given me great comfort and joy in my saddest moments. I know that God has blessed it to tens of thousands of souls. Whenever I hear it sung, it strengthens my faith, fires my hope, and feeds my love."